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ABSTRACT

This document excerpts journals of eight artists, as they observe and comment on events in their daily lives. Seemingly mundane moments become aesthetic experiences through their eyes, and rare glimpses are afforded of approaches to learning, teaching, and preliminaries to studio work. The artists included are: (1) Amidon Perfond (edited by Kenneth Beittel of Pennsylvania State University); (2) Steve McGuire (University of Iowa); (3) Priscilla Fenton (University of Iowa); (4) Christine Thompson (University of Iowa); (5) Robert Troxell (Washburn University); (6) Andrew Svedlow (Pennsylvania State University); (7) Scott Meyer (Pennsylvania State University); and (8) Marilyn Zurmuehlen (University of Iowa). (DQE)

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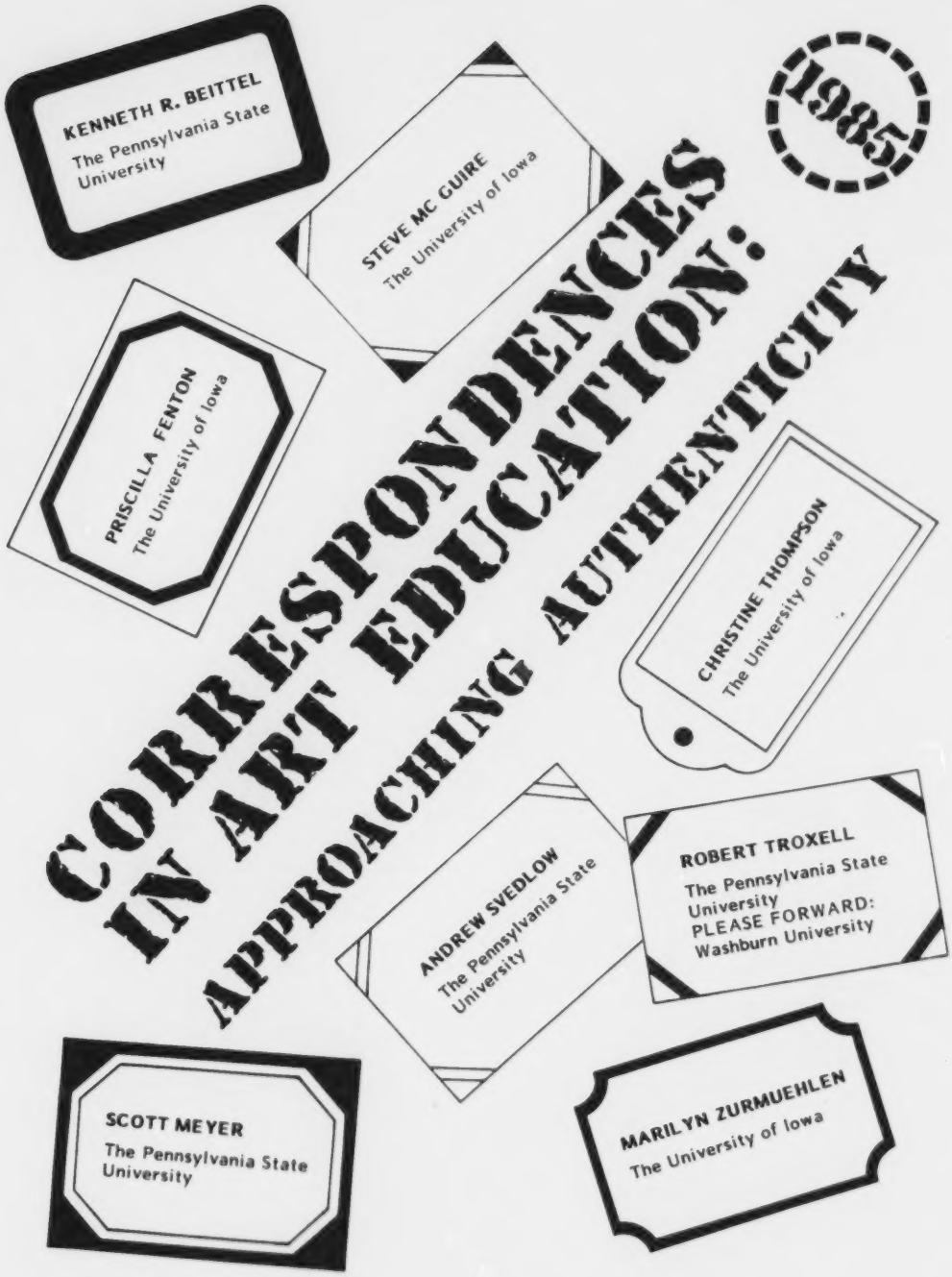

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"If I wish to expand my limited existence, I must direct myself toward other beings. For they are what I am not; they possess what I lack; they know what I don't know" (Strasser, 1969, p. 53).

This publication is an extension of a number of dialogues, some long underway, others recently begun: all treasured by those who participate in them. Priscilla, Steve, and I met Bob and Scott in Miami, following the national debut of the Bachelard Brothers. Having determined that they were, indeed, as eccentric as they seemed, but relatively coherent, we re-introduced them to Marilyn. They graciously reciprocated the following morning by providing long-awaited and highly-coveted introductions to Dr. Beittel. The five of us had, by this time, been talking almost incessantly for the better part of fourteen hours. It was time to leave, and there was more to say. We exchanged addresses and concocted the idea of Correspondences. In the intervening year, we have become friends and colleagues, in the fullest and most voluntary sense, for we have chosen to consult each other periodically on matters trivial and profound. We have become sources for one another's work, living reference libraries and implied readers, unpaid consultants and valued critics. Correspondences is a tribute to the strength of intellectual community, an homage to the tradition which we share and shape. It is a beginning, dedicated to the surprising event of our own beginnings, and directed toward dialogues in art education waiting to begin.

Christine Thompson

Bob Troxell and I came to Miami hoping we weren't the only Bachelard Brothers in the world. Bob also wanted to find a souvenir for his end table. He finally gave up and sold the table, but we met three sisters and a brother who wanted to write a journal with us. And they said they were interested in producing it at Iowa. I was so excited I swallowed my ice cube. Then we got the bill for lunch and I swallowed my tongue. Now I'm down to eating Spaghetti O's with a pair of tweezers. I sure hope we make the half million dollars they promised so I can help my twelve children through seminary.

Elwood Bachelard
(alias Scott K. Meyer)

Other persons in-the-world were wandering in similar territory. As I listened and watched Bob and Scott, I was reassured yet curious. An impromptu banquet emerged from an attempt to get together for lunch on the day of departure. Conversations which began in our respective locations stretched between us and affirmed each other over plates loaded with brunch selections. A reluctance to come to closure initiated invitations to visit but we knew the possibility of face-to-face encounters was slim. Writing to each other seemed more appropriate. This arrangement became firmer as it assumed a collection form while acknowledging the legacy of our mentors. The geographic distance insisted on expanding between us. Correspondence appealed to us as a way of dealing with distance while continuing the recognition of each other.

Priscilla Fenton

Dedicated to Alison Stimpson wherever her spirit soars.

In the spring of 1984, after being birthed into the phenomenological world of art investigation by Dr. Ken-san Beittel, Scott and I were approached to deliver a paper at the Miami NAEA conference. Scott's idea of making a splash was sky-diving into the bay. Although Scott is an accomplished sky-diver, I could not overcome my fear of landing and we ruled this out. We finally got the act together and the "Blues Brothers", were transformed into the "Bachelard Brothers". This bit of silly projection danced into our hearts and we delivered presentational episodic papers which Dr. B coined maverick phenomenology. The greatest reward of the conference besides a 72 hour ride on Greyhound, was contact with other kindred spirits. . . . . .and thus this collaborative epistle.

Robert Toyakazu Troxell

Last year I sat there in the Graduate Research Seminar listening to others words with the thoughts I brought with me. There were times I heard words I spoke, newly: notions that fill my written pages opened up in the words of others - they and I shared authors. It was like being lost 4 blocks over down around the corner from the house you lived when you were five, and then - all of a sudden - out of nowhere - the names of your friends are being called out in a game of tag. Hearing those names remind you home is not far away. So here we are.

Steve McGuire

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KENNETH R. BEITTEL . THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY

Selections from the Notebooks of Amidon Perfond: An Angelophany of the Aspen Grove

(**Editors note:** I met, in the early part of this year, a man in his maturity named Amidon Perfond. Only now that he has moved away from this area, present whereabouts unknown, have I come to see certain overtones of meaning striking harmonics with his name: The Buddah (**Amida** in Japanese) who is profound (**Perfond**) and Compassionate (of whom we are **fond**), and through (**per**) whom we learn of the path to Enlightenment.

When he left, he gave me several of his journal notebooks, saying that I should protect them and use them in any way I wished. I decided to edit and present to receptive readers a series of his latest observations on how he learned to draw (in ink) and carve (on pots) the spirit of the aspen grove.

I should explain that Amidon is, among other things, a student of the mystical religion of the Iranian Sufis, of around the 12th century of our era. One of the journal entries reproduced below (that of **September 2, 1984**) includes quotations from the late French scholar, Henry Corbin, a great authority on Iranian Sufi mysticism. These quotations indicate something of the philosophy behind this school which had such a profound influence on Amidon Perfond.

Briefly, the view that Amidon interiorized held that each thing, event, place, and person we experience has its own angel, its idiosyncratic (or particular or peculiar) angel, and that this "little angel" is in some mysterious way continuous with the "big" or arch angel presiding, on a higher plane still, over that same thing, event, place, or person. Thus all that we meet and experience is both personalized and

spiritualized simultaneously. All that appears, in fact, is an apparition on the terrestrial plane which requires a "divine hermeneutics," an interpretation which, far from reducing what appears to the lower level still of materialism and causation, enlarges it, seeking the hidden but slowly revealed linkage between the little and big angel.

Amidon also took over the early Iranian Sufi belief in the necessity to cultivate the "subtle heart," where the imagination en-visions the meeting between lower and higher presences in the form of a dialogue between the lover and the beloved. As our imaginative faculty is nurtured, as we see more clearly the beloved in the mirror (**speculum**) of our subtle heart, a fusion occurs in which lover and beloved are one and the same.

I analyzed, out of a curiosity which I hope is excusable, the numerological significance of the name Amidon Perfond, finding to my interest that his "soul essence," according to the symbolism of the Tarot, shows up in the card, the Ace of Wands, on which the hand of God appears out of a cloud, holding forth a living wand from which spring green leaves. Some of these leaves fall earthwards and are called "yods," or sparks signifying creation and inspiration. Astrologically, the name symbolizes the fire element, here interpretable as an injunction to follow one's own intuition.

I may be further excused in presenting this lore if I indicate that Amidon himself takes an open and poetic interest in it. Also, the connection between what I learned in this small detour and the unfolding of Amidon's insights as he found the Aspen grove revealing its spirit to him seemed too important and loaded with symbolism to ignore. I would go further into numerological symbolism if I had other facts, such as Amidon's birthdate, at hand; but I do not.

Except for minor editorial changes, these recent entries from Amidon's notebooks are given as they stand and in the order, without gaps, in which they occurred, along with the date of each entry. I have not cast the notes into the APA Form Manual, so compulsively required by most contemporary journals whether it fits the form of literature or discourse or not. Amidon, in fact, failed to indicate which of Henry Corbin's books he had drawn from in his quotations, a minor detail which I have supplied in a series of footnotes.)

. . . . . .

August 25, 1984. I studied clusters of aspens today on my morning walk, paying special attention to how they fused with the sea of symphonic growth in the meadows and half-meadows in which they appear. Millions of details of vegetation flow into one another, like cells of a giant body, here articulating into one organ or function, there into another.

I can attend fully to only one new detail or focal idea at a time, because I aim to take it inside like an idea which is at the same time vision and medium. Here the articulation distributes between eye, brain, memory, hand, medium, and the imagination. Particularly the latter -- eventually like an archetype of a higher realm.

But the one idea so gained is a gateway to a full garden of sub-ideas clustering around it. One enters, as it were, through the one idea. Once conquered -- or, more humbly put, once internalized -- the cluster itself has a place to take root. In this case, establishing the aspens as a part or outgrowth of the meadow begins as a study of an aspect of the aspens but ends up bringing along the whole meadow.

A few days back, I studied something as simple as the leafing mode of the sumacs.

This began as a naturalistic correction of my geometrized version on recent pot carvings. Now the idea-archetype-vision is less geometric but more vital and rhythmic -- not really more "real" as "naturalism," but more real as archetype-idea.

To return to the aspens, I must mention my way of encountering them, through distances, out of paths -- "at cross of meadow on woods"[1] surprised by the wind, the light, and the clouds, so that vision and memory become kinesthetic as well. I thought of this on the downhill woodpath the other morning. Photos would not help, because they leave out body and eye as in movement, and of course memory and imaginal realm as art -- that is, the place where ideas are being made into new beings through time and medium. And poetry: the musical essence and life force which reverberates as its own eternal present in the realm of making.

I cannot get behind or away from my eye and body as I encounter these things, nor from my memory and medium as I internalize them or project them.

"Trust this eye and bodied place,
Trust this bodied inner eye."

From there on, there is the greatly altered conquest which is the series of drawings or carved pots which repeats the same or like process **in its own terms.**

I have not spoken well about the symbolic effect of experiencing development and internalization of ideas, both on the path and then in the art series. It is equivalent to a loss and gain, a falling into chaos out of harmony and back into the harmony of new being. That sounds more like Prigogine's and Stenger's theory[2] and is not exactly what I feel. I don't feel the chaos. But I do feel a certain expansion, or change, of being just by being in time (on the path, in the series), on the one hand,

but a kind of epiphanal feeling of the timeless unity of Being, on the other.

All it takes is the flicker of the aspen leaves — a Monet come to life, a Bonnard like a garment -- to cancel out all of these abstractions. I become very animated, very happy. I sense the sea of vegetation as a motion of stillness and life simultaneously — again, all the cells and all the organs but seen with a psychic's eye, for the cells are visible apart from and as a part of the organ.

Ponge[3] said something about its being a matter of neither thought nor feeling, but of vision. I like that. He also allows the term "idea," as opposed to "thinking," I gather. Here "idea" is again akin to vision and archetype, once imaginally internalized.

I now have two small "ideas" concerning aspens and sumacs. How they'll fare in drawings, pot paintings or carvings will still bring other "ideas."

"Constable, Monet, and Blake
at Witness Tree with me."

I need to re-examine my largest summer-garden-meadow-tapestry carved pot. The new part of it is the lighter touch on the meadow sea of vegetation. I came to see that the disappearing four paths at the bottom of the sphere do not read right. I meant to have them read as "structure" before they disappear into the meadow. I believe they'll need to disappear altogether into the meadow.

This pot was to relate to the transference of an image I got from Blake's pencil sketch of The Last Judgment. The idea was to have almost symmetrical and architectural structure at top and bottom while in between all is lost in an organic and harmonious symphony of inter-connecting forms. This latter relates

to the structure I find in complex snarls and scribbles in drawing, and to the discovery I made that I could render my impression of "meadow" in the crude medium of pot carving by following the complex hide-and-seek of lines left by the broom straw brush in the hakeme slip swirls themselves. They are more organic and subtle than scribbles as a source of meadow-in-time-in-growth." Anyhow, the pot changed. It's another garden of summer tapestry delight with clearer plant forms set off against "meadow" (even though they're a part of the meadow). The original idea, a transformation and transference out of Blake's drawing, still remains to be done — as carved pot or as drawing.

. . . . . .

August 26, 1984. This morning I was not as sensitively with my walk as yesterday. Something seemed to hurry me on.

But I saw a simple "fact" about the aspens. It's a "fact" because its' both "given" and "made." A poetic fact, to be more precise.

The speckled shimmering leaves around a clump of aspens want to be seen not only as arising out of other, more static, leaves around their bases and not only behind the trunks, but in front at times — especially down toward the meadow ground. And they want to be heavy or solid (blocking out light) in the bottom half but open toward the light some, in and out, in the top half. A small fact, a major detail. Not of nature only, but the imagination.

. . . . . .

August 31, 1984. No new facts of the eye and imagination to record these last few days.

I made a new series of constructed flat, ceremonial "poem pots." At first I thought of painting to break into the run of 10 carved pots, but these seem to say carving, and my mind is painting with the carving point or pen point. The translation across pen to carved pot is like that from a refined to a cruder language, except that the poem sometimes sings more for the limitations.

I was stopped still at the aspens in a sudden wind, against the sky, on my morning walk. Small chance to get that dance by pen, still smaller by carving —therefore, probably by carving and by the dance of the imagination.

I carved one side of the smallest flat pot this afternoon. It has a number of simple "carving figures" (to match "pen figures" or schematics): ocean schema (A complex worked out in the past, first in a grid drawing, then on a carved pot); aspen trunks with leaves masking out the base; a willow-like hanging branch, close-up; sky-beach-meadow "tangles" following the surface lines of the hakeme (and variously accented).

. . . . . .

September 2, 1984. From Corbin. ". . . one must carry sensible forms back to imaginative forms and then rise to still higher meanings; to proceed in the opposite direction (to carry imaginative forms back to the sensible forms in which they originate) is to destroy the virtualities of the imagination . . .[4]

". . . dream vision within dream vision, that is to say, Imaginative Presence within the imaginative faculty."[5]

"Moreover, once it is recognized that everything man sees during his earthly life is of the same order . . . as visions in a dream, then **all** things seen in this world,

so elevated to the rank of Active Imaginations, call for a hermeneutics . . . ; invested with their theophanic function, they demand to be carried back from their apparent form . . . to their real and hidden form . . . , in order that the appearance of this hidden form may manifest it **in Truth.**"[6]

. . . . . .

September 5, 1984. Two notes to develop later: (1) How the aspen's branches are lower than in my archetype, yet how they retain the lift to the top (of my way); how they disappear almost to wispy tops into the sky. (2) How a ground cover is close to my tangle-meadow-out-of-the-hakeme schema -- e.g., the overlap of the vetch leaf patterns makes one big tangle. Actually, the vetch ground cover shows itself as a tangle pattern.

. . . . . .

September 28, 1984. I've neglected to make notes. But I've made a number of drawings since my prior entries and finished the 3 ceremonial flat pots.

The aspen series reached its naturalistic-personalistic apex in a small (5" x 7") drawing showing a grove of aspens approached through a curving path which in turn curves around and beyond them into the distance, out of sight across a far meadow.

In this drawing, the archetype-facts-imagination-medium-hand seemed to fuse, all into vision: some inner and high alchemy was at work. The naive eye would say these are more "real" or "naturalistic" aspens. In fact, they approach "the second naivete,"[7] and are more "real" because more like the angel of the aspen grove: That intersection of time and eternity, of particular or idiosyncratic (and there-

fore closest to disintegrating into the Void, or furthest from their Source, and of what Dionysius called the Super-Essence — the light that fills the void but yet without objects, so that we cannot see it.) They are of the Eden of the Seventh Keshvar, the Orient North of the imaginal realm.[8] Here the archangel of the aspen grove and the idiosyncratic angel (where the leaves still brown and fall) fuse.

It doesn't matter whether it's a work of art or not. It's a "work." It's a new being. I either "know" something of the aspen grove now, or it "knows" me. The lover and the beloved are one in the subtle heart where they have dialogue. I am part of that which knows itself as me.

That subtle heart cannot break. It can only expand or diminish, like the moon (which is always there as whole, even in the dark of the moon).

Did I learn anything cutting beyond the aspen grove? Yes. I learned to wait for the appearing of the hidden parts (in the grove and in me), to await their coming forward on their own, to look for them, patiently, obliquely, like an aura around a face — almost to have them look for me:

"Seer and lover,
See the unloved.
Lover and seer,
Love the unseen."

. . . . . .

(Editor's concluding note: This is where Amidon Perfond's entries on the aspen grove cease. It is obvious that, as long as he walks into the aspens, more will

appear, will be seen, will be known, and will probably be set down in his future notebooks, in his drawings, and in his pot carvings. It is fascinating to me how the walking, writing, drawing, and carving reverberate one with the other and with what remains unseen, so that no one of them is ever present alone nor capable of a simple, uni-layered interpretation. I find myself wishing to conclude with a quotation from Henry Corbin which I find particularly apt in this context:

> "The truth of the individual's vision is proportional to his fidelity to himself, his fidelity to the one man who is able to bear witness to his individual vision and do homage to the guide who leads him to it.")[9]

Footnotes

[1] As far as I can determine, this and following quotes without mention of an author are from Amidon's own poetic writings. Ed.

[2] The reference is to Ilya Prigogine's and Isabelle Stengers' recent book, **Order Out of Chaos:** N.Y.: Bantam Books, 1984. Ed.

[3] See Francis Ponge's writings, for example, **The Voice of Things**, N.Y.: McGraw Hill, 1972. Translated by Beth Archer. Ed.

[4] Henry Corbin, **Creative Imagination in the Sufism of Ibn Arabi**, (Translated by Ralph Manheim), Princeton University Press, Bollingen Series, 1969; p. 240. Ed.

[5] **Ibid.**, p. 241. Ed.

[6] **Ibid.**, p. 242. Note that all of these references fall within three pages of Corbin's book, suggesting that Amidon felt a particular identification with what he discovered and set down in this entry. Ed.

[7] Insofar as I can tell, this term comes from Paul Ricoeur. Ed.

[8] Consult the works of Henry Corbin for the full significance of these terms from Iranian Sufi mysticism. Ed.

[9] **Op. cit.** (Corbin's **Ibn Arabi**), p. 76. Ed.

Emerging Reverential Regard: Homage to Vermeer

We talked about moving the large wooden cases with the vertical divisions which held tattered, mounted and matted reproductions of some highlights from the past. Most of the images were memorable "monuments" from survey courses in art history. This inherited collection was once cherished in times before the employment of color transparencies and darkened rooms. Now the cases imposed themselves with their massiveness, messiness and clumsy array of warped cardboard edges. So after awhile we ignored the hulk which protruded from the wall. Soon it disappeared from our attention.

Exhibition space was a consideration as we suggested changes in our studio area. By relocating these heavy structures, new spaces could appear and the less attractive areas would be concealed. Steve and Bob agreed to participate in this quest for rearrangement. By lightening their contents, the cases slid into the final placement which indeed provided the new space we anticipated. As we started to return the grayed cardboard panels, we found ourselves looking at the faded images more carefully. At first it seemed a recognition of old acquaintances from a time in our respective pasts. Some of the images were torn and scratched beyond repair. Most of them were merely faded from years of handling, now glazed with an oily dust. A careful look revealed that the sad condition of the mats only masked the sturdiness of the images.

Gradually we slowed the pace and held back; not returning them to the musty slots. We shared our findings and brought the replacement to a halt. Perhaps somewhere in the midst of putting-back, the shift of intention changed from replacing to searching. Together we began to pull at the cardboard sheets

which remained in the cases during the relocation. What treasures lurked within these narrow compartments? When a Vermeer was uncovered, I immediately claimed it without hesitation. I had no plans for this abused and dusty reproduction. My office was very full. Nowhere to put it; but I had to rescue it! Soon another appeared and I saved that one too. We coughed and rubbed our eyes as dust and dried paint tried to repel our search. The structure and its contents seemed to enjoy their abandonment.

(Once in awhile a panel would be pulled out. The stained mat would be ripped off and the cardboard backing examined for possible recycling. The crumbled faint image of a painting in a trash can offered evidence of a shift in the thing's importance.)

We stacked some of our choices and propped the special finds against surrounding furniture. After several look-throughs while searching for cherubs, we were satisfied that a treasure did not elude our scrutiny. We gathered our selections, admired the newly constructed space and went about our individual endeavors.

Several days later, I mentioned my discoveries to Tammy. Since we shared an excitement about the new space, I suggested that she look-through the rather large remaining collection. I thought about the Corot and Ingres which currently covered the apartment walls of Bob and Charlene. Meanwhile I wedged my four Vermeers into my office.

As I passed through the studio area throughout the week, I noticed evidence of Tammy's search. The boards had been handled, moved, shuffled, and restacked again. A few days later as I approached my office, I could see **Woman Reading A Letter** leaning against my door. She recovered another Vermeer! It was a warm greeting. I installed the one that almost got away on my office door since the

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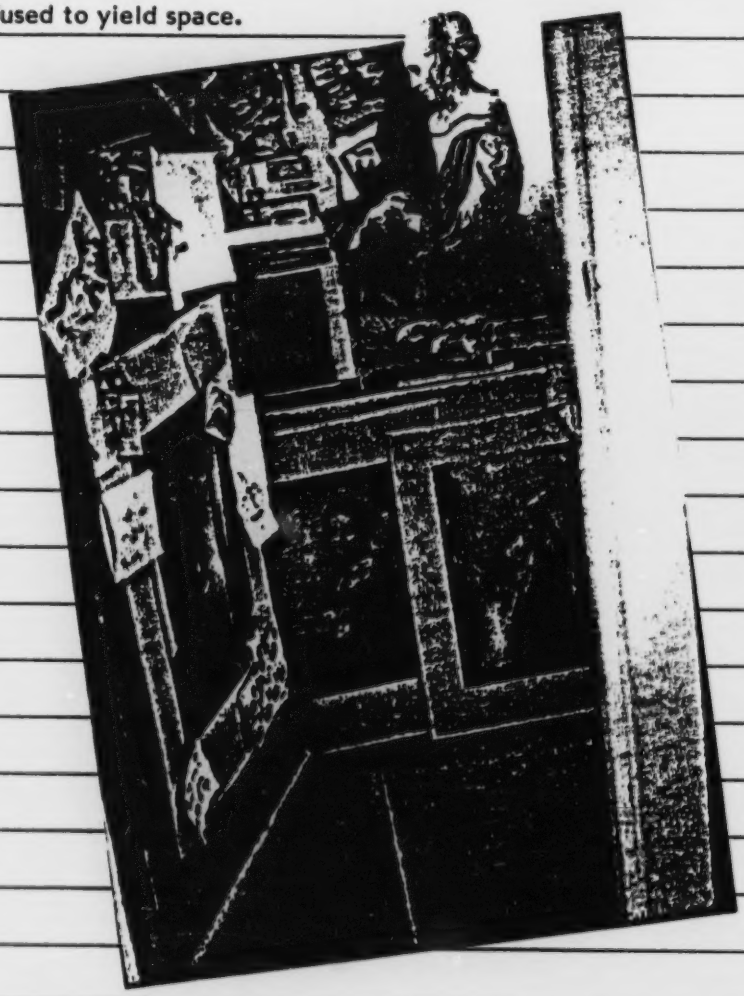
walls refused to yield space.



During a summer visit to see a friend in Boston, I walked through the Fenway to the Isabella Gardner Museum. My vicarious introduction to the Gardner happened as I read an article about the museum by Robert Coles. He reminisced about a visit he made with a boy who was participating in his study about children. Instead of remaining in his office for their meeting, they fled to the Gardner. The displaced Italian villa, transported and reconstructed in a Boston parkland, became a special place for Coles and the young child. I was drawn to the Gardner because it seemed to offer so much magic as well as an escape for Coles and his friend.

Mrs. Gardner and her husband Jack appeared to be eclectic and exuberant

collectors. She intended to share their careful selection in a very precise and yet personal way by transforming their home, the villa into a museum. As I wandered through the home-now-museum, it seemed like everything, absolutely everything was on exhibit! The structure was intensely packed. Very little wall space was exposed. Window alcoves held small framed prints and miniatures. Surfaces of tables supported arrangements of sundry objects and idiosyncratic items. She wanted to enjoy having these many things surround her; to be able to view her entire collection everyday. These important things hung on walls stacked one above the other, leaning against easels, reclined on desks and stood on pedestals where she placed them. These placements were not to be disturbed by future caretakers and curators as decreed in her will. According to this legal document, tampering with the villa-museum structure and its contents meant immediate dissolution of the collection. So things may be removed for cleaning and conservation, but they must be returned to the exact location and position.

The abundance was overwhelming while the installation revealed her personal intervention. I sensed that she was very present, perhaps waiting in the next room to admonish me for trespassing. Oh, there was so much to see!

So it was rather remarkable for one small (24 1/4" x 24 3/4") painting hung on a wall near a corner in the Dutch Room on the second floor to be noticed. Almost obscured by an opened door and squeezed among many objects which I do not recall now, was a Vermeer! I think I released an audible gasp of delight and discovery. My body arched to read the identification plate as if it questioned what my heart knew immediately without suspicion. Several moments of enchantment melted into thorough engagement. I remained forever in the corner with **The Concert** for awhile.

Mrs. Gardner's biographer, Louise Hall Tharp speculated about the reason behind

the Gardner purchase of **The Concert** in 1892. Vermeer remained relatively unacknowledged by dealers and collectors in the late 19th century, but Tharp explained that Mrs. Gardner found the Dutch interior attractive for more than investment purposes. "The girl, with her round Dutch face, was not pretty but she had charm" (p. 166). Tharp suggested that Mrs. Gardner knew that charming not-too-pretty girl at the keyboard as herself.

Somehow I found myself leaving the Gardner, crossing the Fenway, getting lost in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and eventually riding the city transit bus to Cambridge. Once again, Vermeer was soon forgotten.

Tina and I discovered Dore Ashton's **The Joseph Cornell Album** about the same time, but within separate searches. The two copies were noncirculating volumes, but trusting friends who worked in the art library allowed us personal, albeit temporary possession. Once we realized our shared interest (not merely interest, not infatuation, more like love) we extended our relationship with Cornell together with the intensity of a crush on a moviestar. We referred to him in our teaching and showed each other books, postcards, and journals which held images of his work. Tina brought me Mogelon and Laliberte's **Art in Boxes** with its section devoted to Cornell and his work. I told her about the Chicago Cornells from the Bergman Collection which I saw at the Museum of Contemporary Art over semester break. Cornell reciprocated and dispelled any hint of distance from us.

In **The Album**, Ashton discussed Cornell's secret family of artists of the past. These predecessors served not only as sources for imagery but as companions. One of these important persons was Jan Vermeer. She describes Vermeer as Cornell's remote friend whose sensibilities matched his own. Vermeer emerged again for me, but this time as a contemporary.

During a recent relocation, I packed and unpacked my books. This ritual of inventory revealed a small forgotten pocket-size book about Vermeer which included some tiny color reproductions. The rediscovery reminded me of my attraction to his paintings as a child who attended Saturday morning art classes at the Toledo Museum of Art. I recall purchasing the slim volume for 95 cents, probably instead of Three Musketeers candy bars which were available at the same counter in the museum's foyer.

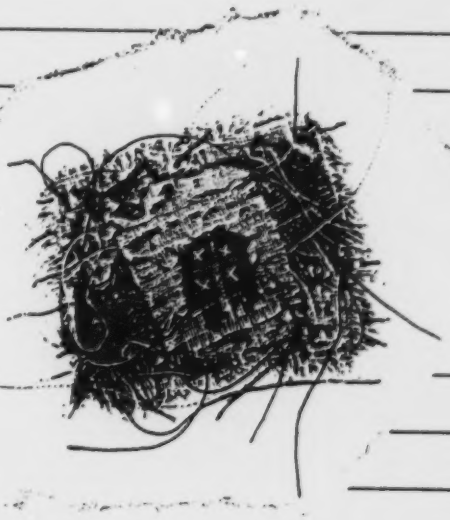
As my interests were lured by more contemporary artists and established formats for art history, Vermeer faded away. Darkened rooms slides and lit-from-below-lecturers replaced my naive understandings of how to approach the art of my predecessors. Darkness and cartridges of color transparencies were not alien to me. My father's attempts to document the events of our family life made these conditions quite familiar. The relationship between these apparently diverse endeavors became firm insofar as they share a yearning to acknowledge legacy.

Art as history was one way I knew the makings of my predecessors, by my initial way of knowing art has renewed appeal. Approaching the art of persons in-the-world-which-preceded-me as a legacy left behind for me and my contemporaries to carry along with us in the present and into the future may offer a new way to resist artificial restrictions which tend to distort and mislead.

Documenting the living of a life resists the glazing of external categories. This resistance insures the integrity of the life by insisting on consideration of context. Newness emerges.

The things I make are only new in that I contribute my way to a legacy of ways. Yet I fake the ancient appearance as I salute the past; fakeness as sincere and reverential regard. This homage assumes a form similar to my first term paper

only without words, but loaded with footnotes. The intention of this wordless research is very different from that first attempt to set my thoughts and visions in firmness. The bibliographic stuff too often is forgotten, misplaced or temporarily lost, but I cannot deny what I have seen along the way. I carry within me the sights from these excursions with my predecessors who I make my contemporaries for a while until I return them to the past.



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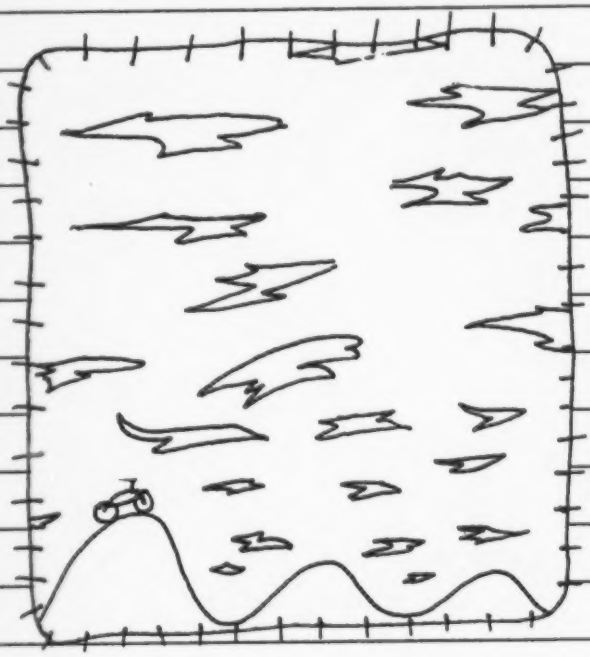
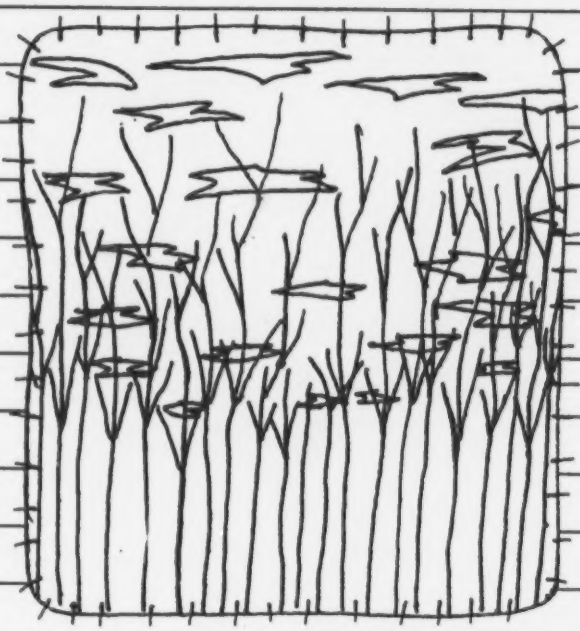
STEVE MC GUIRE . THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

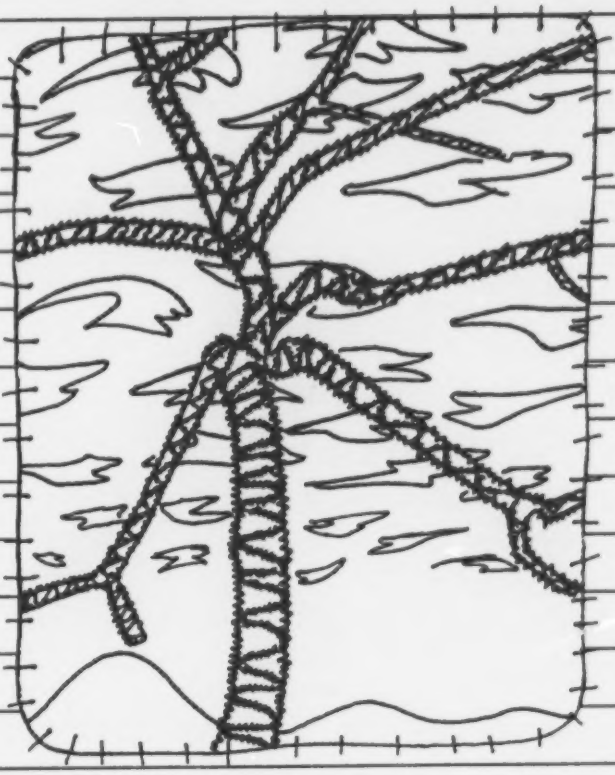
Redletter: Grandpa's Cane



I located a level patch of ground underneath a large walnut tree. Kicking my kickstand down, I placed my bike here. Some of the trees are already starting to change color, I notice. Well, here I am and there all those trees are. My goal today, I remember thinking as I climbed out of bed this morning, is to find the tree branch that will become Grandpa's cane. I knew I was going to come to these woods. I've passed by here many times as I often ride the YWV road. Today though, as I saw the woods from the crest of a hill a mile back, I thought, some tree in there--I don't know which one or of what kind--but a tree that was maybe always meant to be more will have the branch my grandpa's cane will be made from. So here I am--at the edge of the woods--ready to look for Grandpa's cane.



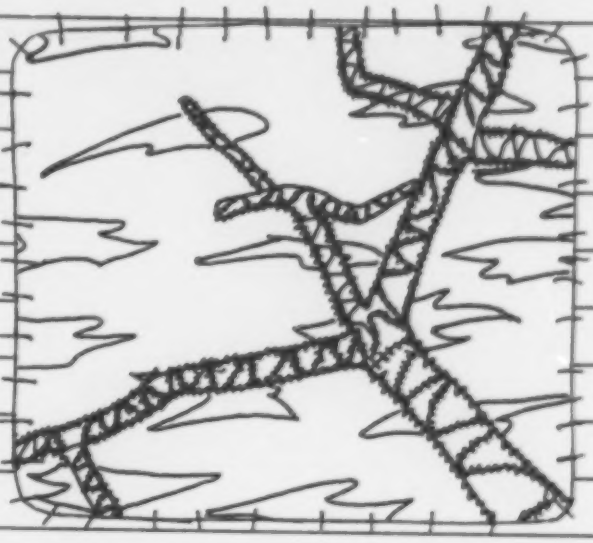
I take my saw off my bike rack. Holding it, envisioning sawn branches, I look up at the trees and their limbs. Some of the trees are barely taller than me. They're not old enough to be Grandpa's cane, I say to myself as I leave the waist-thick branches of the walnut tree and start looking around. Grandpa's cane needs to be from a big old tree—not a dead one either, I pointedly establish, as I take stabs in my head at the ingredients of his cane. Maybe it should be from a tree I climb I think as I see a tree that brings back in my mind my grandpa looking up at me in a tree and me looking down at him, noticing my new tallness. I was seven years old and as I saw that large pinecone tree from the top of the hill, on the last block before Gilliam Park, the climbing of it took over. No words to Grandpa, eyes at the top of the tree, I released his hand running hard in adventure for the trunk where there was that one branch I could reach. It was always my first step of assention. It was always a race. I'd try to make it to the top before my grandfather walked the last block to the tree's trunk. Something magical about being in place for the perfect pose you wish to set as the audience arrives. Anyway, his staying behind held half the view I had from the trees' tops.



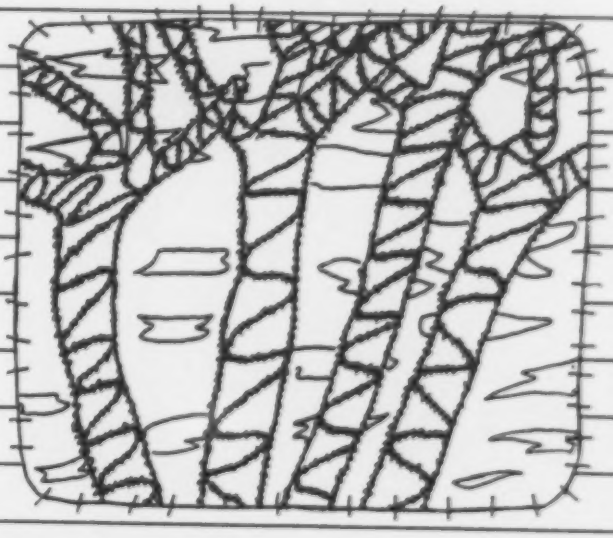
My thoughts now on larger trees' branches, I reach back around into my pack and pull out the rope—thinking I may have to climb up there and get it. Now too, I see, as I look up at the trees and glance back and forth between them and "me and Grandpa", his cane should be made not just from a tree branch but of me finding the perfect tree branch. If these woods take two days to search that will be fine—my grandpa's cane needs to be made of those things.

Footsteps are fun as I approach each tree with my memory of his spirit of adventure. I remember well, how the treasures in the mysterious box in the dark back corner of the basement were only discovered in just the right hour, on just the right day, with an opening of the lid slow enough to let my hands grasp hold of the I've-never-seen-this-before-uncovering of what is possibly inside. So, up one tree and down another my eyes go. Walking to the rhythm of the spaces between trees, I bob my head from branch to branch, fitting each knotted twist into the palm of Grandpa's hand, as if

to try to match--not foot to shoe size--but baseball glove to homerun.



With memories of him, now almost the whole of the base from which tree's branches appear, I ask myself, what are the ingredients of Grandpa's cane? I sit down, plump in the middle, between four large trees' trunks, aware of my wandering thoughts, re-enacting presences of him. Pushing up against one and leaning my head back upon another, locating myself in his words, I listen through all the years for the meanings that brought me to look for the perfect cane.



Thoughts circle around. We were standing in a luncheon line--him, Mom, and myself. Taking hold of the thought of standing and waiting, Grandpa turned and signed, "You know what I need? I need a cane." Then measuring the length of an imagined cane, through gestures defining space, he located a mark with the tapping of his finger against his leg, where the height of the cane should come to. He then circled around and lined his leg straight up with mine, this time locating the height on my leg. He smiled. "So you want me to make you a cane huh Grandpa," I said. Mom, on the edge of mine and his conversation, asked me, "What kind of cane will you make him?" Without a pause she then turned to Grandpa and asked, "What kind of cane do you want Steve to make you Daddy?" Grandpa looked at me, smiled, and replied, "He knows what kind of cane." "It will be a tree branch," I told her. " A tree branch," she replied. "Grandpa needs a tree branch," I said. Grandpa turned to my mom and signed that he wanted it to be a tree branch. I smiled. I knew that's what he would want I thought to myself. "Don't forget Steve, your grandfather is a great artist too," my mom replied, trying to make a connection between his and my shared idea of the perfect cane.

I sit here in the middle of these woods where his cane is located and remember that, yes, Grandpa is a great artist. I might not be sitting here thinking about the ingredients of a cane if he weren't. His comments to me when I was younger were not directed at me as much of me, I remember, as I try to locate meanings he provided. With typing paper taped at the corners on the wooden table with all those paint tubes, in the room he painted, I painted too. I'd climb from the chair, scoot a clear patch out on the edge of the table in view of his painting and watch him paint. With only a recognizing glance at my perch he'd quietly keep right on painting. I liked him not saying anything as he worked. In his standing quietly at his easel and painting, I moved freely from the building-up-in-my-head-stories of images on his canvas back off the table and into my chair and now things to paint. And then, in those moments where I suspect his thoughts in his painting were comfortable, he'd put down his

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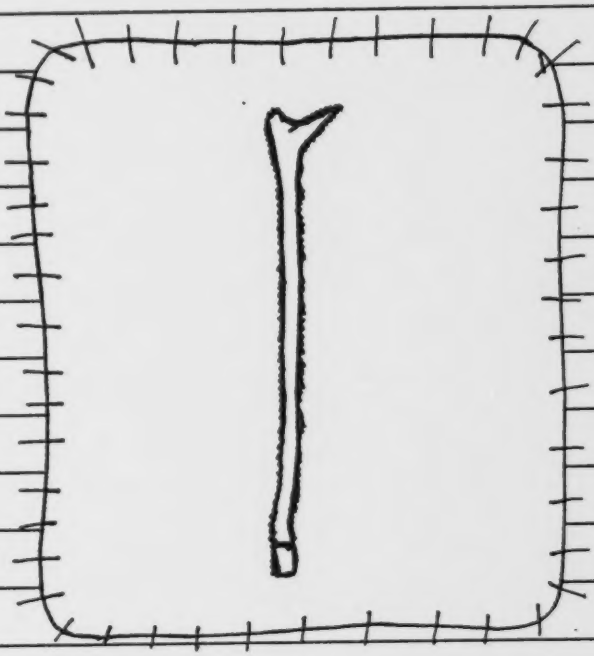
brush with the bristle end off the table and gather up all my watching and painting, and point to either mine or his work asking, "What do you want it to be?" He was always happy with my answer.

As I sit here and remember asking Grandpa how to draw a St. Bernard I am reminded of what he'd always say. He'd say, "What goes around comes around." Saying this he'd circle his finger in the air and glance to the side as if something were magically going to appear. I always wondered what he was looking for. I was so sure something was just going to pop out. He believes in those kinds of things. Drawing St. Bernards for grandsons and canes grandsons make for grandpas are what I think he sees when he circles the air and glances to the side. I know this--because as I sit here and remember him circling the air I believe stronger in searching for the perfect cane. He would have it this way too, I remind myself as I fix in my head an image of him smiling at my anticipation for something to magically appear.

Well, time to find his cane. I pick myself up with everything I've remembered, believing now, as my grandpa would, that the tree might just find me. "Nothing mysterious," he'd say, "It's just something that seems to happen." And then he'd add, "And be glad it does."

At this thought I stopped. The trees stood still--I looked at them and then thought, you know it's funny now that I think about it. I never thought that canes grandsons make for grandpas and St. Bernards grandpas make for grandsons could be as important to him as his paintings.

Maybe his belief in these things are why he always liked what I thought he was painting. I should ask him when I see him. He'll probably look at me, circle the air with his finger, and glance to the side. This time though, when he does, he'll see a cane--me and him--his 26-year-old art work.



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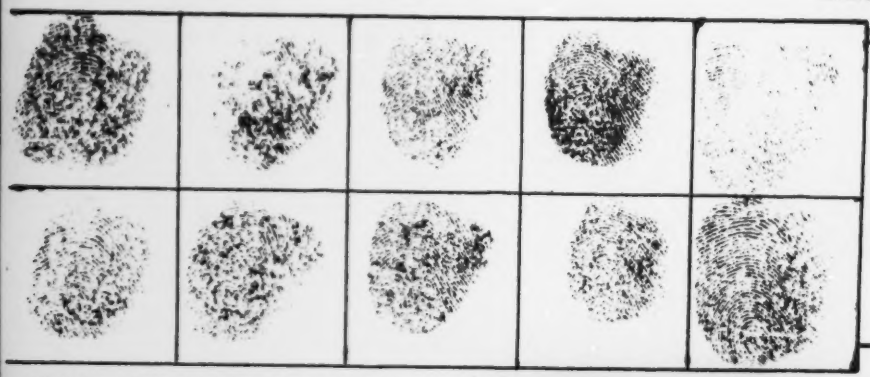
WANTED: Federal Bureau of Empericists

ALIAS: SCOTT K. MEYER

ELWOOD BACHELARD



DESCRIPTION

Birth: comes and goes

Height: variable

Weight: yes

Build: medium

Hair: real

Scars: several shrap. scars on wallet

Eyes: unknown

Complexion: complex

Race: International Cockroach Derby

CAUTION: Suspect is wanted in conection with a series of bizarre poetic acts including alliteration, still - born metaphores, Ponge mumbling without a license and double-parking poetic prose in a Cartesian zone. If suspect is cornered use slide-rule and gas.

Remarks: has been seen assaulting an Apple II with a volume of collected works by R. M. Rilke, hums Funky Buzzo's " Ain't Gonna Give You None O' My Jelly Roll " during meetings, converses with bits of clay

(26) last known photograph; taken shortly after last known public appearance (Miami) c. April '84, suspect in upper right tooting his horn

31

Director

SCOTT K. MEYER . THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY

A Sense of Place, the Imaginal —

a phenomenological exploration of imaginal place, its implications for poetic reverie and creation

. . . And of course I breathe the dust of rooms sealed with years. There is that smell about of basement things. Objects sat on webbed shelves, their functions still fill my nose. In the dark decay of spiders' homes they wait to be of some use again. I call on them now . . .

BACKGROUND. The task at hand is to do a phenomenology of imaginal place. I am concerned, therefore, with the phenomenon of the onset of the image in an individual consciousness. I am also necessarily concerned with the corporeal and the incorporeal place in which the image dwells, is remembered and re-membered. The implication is toward a place where childhood reverie weaves freely and unpredictably through the creative consciousness and the place where this occurs.

Terrestrially speaking, this place exists for me as the place where tradition in art takes place. Thus, Crafts Building is my place. Celestially speaking, it is the poetic image, as it takes body in an individual consciousness, which allows this place to emerge from measurable space without emerging from its extent. I consider this occurrence an epiphenomenological event within the tradition of idiosyncratic place. It is thus that a place is held as particular in its tradition and at the same time takes its place in the great tradition of Divine differentiation. Holderlin has said "poetically Man dwells." Heidegger has said, "poetically Man builds and dwells." It is thus my position that it is with a poetic consciousness that we play the tradition of a place toward its future. It is the visual art work which characterizes a place, is born out of a place, and thus

exists as the by-product of the epiphanic act of creation, inaugurating that place spiritually. Equally true is this notion when considering the medium of the poet of language. His images take body in the shimmering words of his art. As the poetic image is born in his work, it similarly comes to him as a semidifferentiated fetus which then takes form in his consciousness, aligning itself along the spatial axis of his place. It is the same poetic process when considered in this light. The distinction now is made only between the terrestrial substances in which the poetic image takes body.

Let us return to my task. I am to do a phenomenology of imaginal place (where tradition in art takes place). This is to occur within the necessary bounds of verbal language and within the necessary constraints of a doctoral thesis. In light of what I have said above, it is my position that when discursive language is employed toward this end, there exists an excluded knowledge. In my opinion, what is excluded is the soul of the situation. In the past, we have traded nearness for control and objectivity. While this has yielded its own knowledge, the act of creation and the place where it takes place has retreated and receded from view. This research invites what has been excluded. By inviting the poetic image to be born in the verbal language of which this work is composed, I hope to position myself as close to the act of creation (in the place of Crafts Building) as the poet of clay (a role I simultaneously strive to fill in this place). I am, then, not writing **about** the creative situation; I am writing **in** the creative situation. In this way, the poetic image is permitted its place in my writing in much the same way as it is in my work with clay. As a result, I would project a nearness to the epiphanic act of creation as it takes place in a visual arts studio; a nearness that has not been reached in this way in the world of research.

I bring you some water lost in your memory - follow me to the srping and find its

secret. Patrice de la Tour de Pin **Le second jeu** (from Bachelard, 1969)

INTRODUCTION. In all the previous articles I have written on the subject of my research, the emphasis has always been on the justification of such an endeavor. Indeed there exists a pressure to clarify one's topic and discuss its relevance within the broad context of art education research. Of course this is as it should be, for it serves the interest of the researcher and the task before him or her. There must be an edge to the machete with which he clears a place and it's sharpened by the skepticism of others. But there is always a final sweep of the sword; a time when one stops clearing and starts dwelling and dreaming. That is when one is truly at home. I can think of no other forum where this point would be more appropriately reached than a journal of poetic research. It is certainly here where poetic research is at home. It is necessarily here where justification is subordinated by celebration.

There is particular significance to the celebration of this place. I have dreamed a thousand dreams with the walls pulled around me. I've watched the rain pool the courtyard outside and play with the quivering clouds. I've seen the snow visit a kiln loading and make our voices even more breathless and intimate. We floated there in the white airy sky as solitude and community embraced. We cursed the dirt, the bugs, the sweaty basement walls and we secretly pulled them all closer. We pressed ourselves against its uneven surface. We joined the silent pillars and in the quiet darkness the child we were came calling. Enthusiasm and joy looked back from every surface, these mirrors of our youth urging us to remember. And we did.

From the first moment reverie swirled through the basement air this place breathed. But as the stone loosened, ebbing and flowing with the images of its inhabitants, it broke loose from lifeless incarceration. Indeed it took its place

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among that which lives.

Just as its first breath came suddenly (causing us to catch ours), its last was inevitable and equally sudden. How infragile and impregnable is the raw stuff of which things are made. How tragically fragile is the ephemeral life which springs within. To snuff it out, one of ignorance has only to ignore the whispers, to slam the windows and doors as if they were windows and doors.

With one lonely exhale the dreams rise to the wind and scatter. The shell lies on the ground, open and empty, waiting to be reclaimed. The walls are stone again and the ghosts echo. The voice falls flat like the last words spoken in a house after all the furniture is moved out.

In this place I make my voice its voice and speak from the threshold of death. But as the rigormortis stills the structure to silence, the consciousness wanders. It rides the wind of images and leaves the ghouls to fumble around with a vacant body. The place is no longer embodied but born on the air; free to settle again as prenatal potential in countless possible physical houses. Place ultimately is not, then, a matter of the physical but the imaginal. Through poetic imagery place is held in its spirit and is permitted settlement in a variety of loci.

The physical place of which I speak in my work has changed, never to return to it's previous condition. "How" and "why" are postmortems needlessly asked. What was written, what will be written concerns its spirit, its life which faith and love keep alive. The place within now, coming up through the physical and at the moment of death transcending it; leaping into all the great places of our dreams. Let me tell you this place and house your memory.

DOING IT: Basement. And of course I breathe the dust of rooms sealed with

years. There is that smell about of basement things. Objects sat on webbed shelves, their functions still fill my nose. In the dark decay of spiders' homes they wait to be of some use again. I call on them now.

Stuffed bags hung from a ceiling pipe; the wardrobe of other times . . . fashions of successive generations hugging each other inside plastic. And the mothball eggs lie in the bottom of these bags; pungent protection. (I used to think they were wardrobe droppings.)

I was told that cats made their home in the place though they never made themselves visible. Their possible presence gave life to the multitude of would-be nests. It gave a cat's tail to a dimly lit vacuum cleaner. And in that same dim light Pop-Pop gave life to things unseen.

My mother's father's eyes peered at the twentieth century through glinting glass. A single bulb lit a plain of mystery and the flicker-rebound danced the far wall in exaggerated parallel to slight head movements. So he focused gentle genius on the plain before him; the work bench. As a retirement gift it was appropriate enough since age, not intellect, had benched him from work. While the many nooks and crannies could have casketted the accumulated relics of fifty years of banking, they instead jingled a whisper of common ground for two disparate generations. And also our nuts and bolts held together the wooden child fancies and patient, perisistent age. And dust rose from our rasping as the removal of edges unclocked ancient sap smell. There in the light beam particles swirled and curled a triangular Milky Way. Peeling skittered to the darkness of the floor later to be swept up and not emptied. Did they really come to rest on that dark, unseen plain or journey to a depth beyond the confine of basement floor? Perhaps somehow in that black depth they would remember themselves in the cardboard scrap bin, already a future focus.

A dinner scent message down through the dust and a quickening of pulse. Breath was short and rapid for the ritual of the basement would come to fruition with a visit to the floorless floor under all drawers. There frcm the void sprung the precious pouch of yet another age. And Pop Pop's crevassed hands would tremble its contents forth. The swirled triangular Milky Way would catch a facet of the barrel and the gun would fire its dance across the ceiling. Behind the glass and behind the eye, Pop Pop would remember, too. His father's well worn Civil War tool and Pop Pops well worn memory. My reward . . .

I went to dinner but he remained and remains in the swirling stars of future focus.

Clearing of Space. Abandoned ideas hover on shelves in the quarter-light of future perceptions. Here again is basement dust and a few candy wrappers that used to be brightly colored. Shelf bars imprison me in the darkness like a warm blanket holds a sleeping man captive. It has always been sweet and only recently confining. Why?

And a prize pot of another time almost rubs the ceiling and flirts with a buzzing, buggy bulb. Spirit holder . . . It has a hole in the bottom. I see it through the thin slow between the shelving. The space, summoned by a younger potter's thicker walls, has been spored loose upon the dusty shelves before me now. And the faint buzzing light is now deafening. The sudden charge rips the gauzy blanket from sleeping space. The metal yearns and strains at bolts tight with age. Yellowed paper curls at the edges, never having had the chance to pack a pot. Roaches antennae, so long uselessly attached to bellied-up body, quiver with premonition. Or is it a beckoning? Or is it a plea not to define new space by the absence of old things?

I gaze at the slots in a now useless chair. Space . . . wood . . . space . . .

wood in an endless repetition they answer one another. They converse ceaselessly. Space is not the absence of things anymore than things are boundaries of space. They are just ancient friends having a chat until my prying eyes demand of them their borderlines and still them to silence. Conversation is not always beneficient. As space claims the vacancy of its decaying friend the buzzing tension fills the dialogue and summons us to play on the cyclical ritual.

Moving metal reveals the layers below and its teeth-chilling scream drowns the buzz for a while. The ritual has its own language much louder than the whispered dialogue of its "props." Space and object, having invited action, relinquish their fate momentarily. Things move or are asked to leave. Roles change. Garbage cans bulge and burst and dust billows a welcome christening the new area. It fills the lungs and clings to weary beads of sweat. Whoops, a bit of shelving chips a gash in cement studio wall. And there's a smell so old I barely remember and so strong I have to sit. What portal has this hole made evident? What other walls lie beyond? They are the walls of youthful fortress.

With "appropriated" wood we boxed the air in a sturdy tree. And then another fortress closer to the roots. How fortunate that from that pile of construction wood we chose the magic pieces. Without skill or architect they must have been joined with our desperate need for walls, hence an inside. The last bit of Ridgewood New Jersey disappeared beyond oddly cut shingle and our portal doorway began to buzz and hum. I smile now as I understand how pots hum the instant inside and outside are separated by clay and humming wheel vibration is sphered.) We sphered the vibration of community and dream and silenced the buzz as we crouched inside. It was not and is not a "return to the womb" nor a return of any kind for we have never left. The walls help us abide in the primordial dream of dwelling place. Territorial gauze from the beginning lends individual integrity.

Like a semi-permeable membrane it allows yours, mine and ours simultaneous status.

Eggs wait in the dustless nest and buzzing is gone for now. Boxes they are within boxes within boxes without end. And the most treasured space is dreaming within.

The Dig. They appeared as washed out interruptions of the earth, leaf covered memories of another season's dig. The memory should be stronger, but the decaying callus holds it down. I caught a glimpse of orange colored earth through the fallen leaves and was suddenly aware of an inner excitement of promise. The giggles and hearty talk warned the woods of a new intrusion. I had plastic bags wrapped around my feet to keep out the elements. Other plastic waited in the trucks for what we might find to take back. Everyone moved as men in space and a root popped a welcoming hole in my plastic. The water rushed in as I sank in the earth. I raked back the membrane and there was the odor again of celebration. The smell of decaying matter presiding over the birth of a new event. How strange. My shovel squished up its first pile and then another. And now my knees are level with the ground. Down further as the hackings and joyful discoveries around me roll to the back of my head. I'm drawn down, and my shovel cracks loose a clod of orange-gray and the sulphur smell brings me close. I disappear into the crevice of silty orange where my shovel can't go. That smell. When I close my eyes it gets stronger. What seasonal portal is this which has been here so long waiting? I must have dropped the shovel, for I was no longer aware of it.

I took my open hands and clutched at the sand and pebbles, spraying them out behind me. The steady rhythm of the waves was a liquid urging to dig deep. My friends and I dug and laughed. The sun was hot on our back as we scooped the Earth away. Dave had told us of pirates and treasure and fossils of another

place, and the promise of what lay beneath our feet made the hair stand a little on the back of the head and the feet dance about. The seed thus planted in us, we sought to plant ourselves in the sandy earth. As ground level progressed up our bodies, sound became immediate. The rhythm of breath became a companion. The heartbeat more audible now as ground level became that "other land." Buckets were now lowered down, but they reached the bottom not as vessels waiting for more sand; they dangled as umbilical cords or the kind of devices the cereal boxes used to urge you to make: cords of vibrating communication. But we were inside our own bucket and finally ignored the dangling strings from above. The tingling on the back of the neck here again and the feet feel the vibration beneath. We are still inside this great vibrating hole. Crouched there trying to make out the words. It's not words; its a rhythm, a pulsating which periodically fills the void with a charge. It buzzes a harsh buzz at the mouth where inside and outside collide in a violent field which is never quite resolved. Down lower now the buzz is a lullaby carressing with memories and images bumping softly about and below. We seek the center as the spinning air and mass around us align us anew. There we sleep in the silent vitality of axis.

The Box. It was a seventh-grade science project, of all things. It was something that had to be done and I was nervous. My mother's "Brownie" camera slipped around in sweaty, trembling hands; a thirty degree autumn night and my hands didn't know it. As we walked, I remembered other family events of the night: the Fourth of July when we cast our collective gaze at those great eruptions of the sky. The ground shook as one with the heavens and everyone breathed the odor of celebration. It was as if the thirty thousand people around us were one great piece of insulation or that foamy cell-like material which packs a delicate lens. With the first explosion the stars disappeared and the ground became a screaming, writhing chip shrouded in a radiant mist. It was the air that was thick with a material quality and the Earth which receded, sliding to

the back of the head where it supported invisibly. The light flashed steadily and then more frequently, and the pit of the stomach answered the skyward eye, reverberating in its own register. Now one steady pulsating flash as sparks dribbling over the lip of a cup. We hugged with arms we couldn't feel anymore, there in the middle of the infield. I had played ball there only hours ago, but memory immaterialized in the instant of first flash and seconds collided, shimmered, and scurried away on Summer breeze. There was no play, no game, no rules, and no recent memory in that finale which commands my heavens and shakes my earth still.

Everyone came into focus an instant before they came to Earth, all standing as one with mouths and eyes wide as if rediscovering their surroundings. They looked at their watches to remind them where they were and I always thought that was curious. Still, there was no straight line home for anyone. I blinked at the sky now advancing through the smoke. Each time my eyes closed the heavens opened anew with a kind of mirror-negative of the event. I can make it happen again and again, any time I want. You see, it wasn't in my head, it was up there. I was just a caretaker. We shared a secret, those pin holes of light and I. That was what they were (and still are sometimes). They were little peeps through a midnight fabric; reminders of the pulsing explosions that lie beyond. When the stars are out, the head turns up and the eyes close. The little points are Reminders and their white light rushes forth to register not on the cornea, but on youthful sole.

We're at the field now, straight streets vanish as we crunch our way to the middle and set the "Brownie" down. I glance up at the stars of focus. Somehow they have become taunting spheres of glowing material, seen at a distance. They are grouped in constellations, did you know that? That's so we can remember all their names. And on a clear night there should be visible at least 1,500 of them.

Someone counted. That's how we know. And you know that cloud that was always out even on the clearest night? (My friend used to say that God spilled some milk there.) Well, that's just a bunch of stars so close together it looks like a cloud. And it's the Earth's movement that makes them all look like they're moving.

I look down dubiously at the little box on the ground. We'll have to prop it up just right. I wonder if that special film is going to work. Now you push this button and leave it that way. The little camera peered toward the heavens, its lens mirroring those trailing points of light. I look up too, conscious of the box and its unknown contents doing the same thing. We all look at the stars with anxiety and expectation, huddled on the vast plain. Trails, they're supposed to leave trails of light on the film as a record of their orderly procession. Record. . . to preserve on . . . the shudder clicked . . . they are wondrous points of light sailing by, taking their own time and mine. I close my eyes too, and the flash is blinding. It's as if a membrane had slowly grown, an invisible spherical partition, an overlay of dead skin which now burns away with a fury. The explosive images so long neglected are there agian. They appear as tin-types of relatives almost forgotten. And the eyes pierce my cataracts of ignorance and neglect, tiny white-hot pin pricks. As I leaf through the album under my eyelids, light floods through the pinholes and even the album disappears in its heat. I am aware only of the little box with its hidden contents. You're the reason, aren't you? You innocent box with your filmy membrane stretched hopefully behind your glass eye? Oh, what's inside that I can't see? What Christmas morning taunts my imagination with wrapping paper and closed doors. That's what it was, wasn't it? The explosions and white heat you only see with eyes closed, when you're not quite in control.

Close the eyes tighter now and wait. The heat singes the eyebrows and flushes the face. And I stand before a great roaring box. The pinholes are still the

promise, the other side we never quite discover when the box is cool and we can climb inside for a look. We open the port to have a look now, and a tongue of flame leaps out to admonish our curiosity. The camera, the kiln our secret boxes, invitations to know with our dreams what we can't with our eyes and our mind.

There was a path leading away from those dream boxes and the seventh grader, and I turn away from the heat and cool our faces with its sad straight invitation. Try to walk through the door and open your presents; try to find out what's inside so you'll know. Go have the film developed. Hurry to find out whether the firing was a success or not. Take the straight cool path . . . Find out that no image was ever scrawled by the heavens on that primitive membrane (or was it?) We turn our gaze back to the wondrous points and welcome the consuming fire. We'll preserve the dream of the box unopened for its gifts are our return home.

Fever. The sun emerges. It illuminates the panoramic edge upon which we have worked but which we could not see. More and more it is manifest and in the inflamed space of its birth the earth-body yields to its force. It is not celestial and at this moment not wholly of the earth. It is the sweet tortuous sphere of wakeful dream. Stare at it now, in those precious seconds it resides on the edge. You have waited a long laborious night. Soon will be suffered again the white hot blindness as impenetrable as midnight. It cannot be imprisoned in the polarized space on the edge. It is an event eagerly anticipated, fiercely celebrated and then set free. Let us raise the dust we need to. Let us enjoy the great release of the sneeze it affords us and then permit us peaceful sleep.

Too many earth-spheres of pale orange speak in pleading voices. The only room in a vast building is lit and the bubbling drone of its activity fills the nostrils and swirls all concentration. Go back to the darkness all of you. Let three

remain. I need to see you together here against the black doorway. Your edges vibrate, answering the overlapping shadows underfoot.

SNAP. . . POOFPOP. . . The pan dances its neglect and calls me to stand. Soaring bulges resolve themselves in petrified yawns. The faucet drips, answering my brush . . . and then splash. Some tension is released, inertia splattered on the wall. But it is the cough of a terrible cold, the asphyxiation of bronchitis or TB. The cough meant for relief comes back burning the inner base of the neck warranting another and another. I am slave to the fever of a great indestructable illness.

Particulates cannot be strained from the air. They swirl with the movements of body and hand. I must free these noble souls from pale orange prison even if in so doing I temporarily take their pleading place.

DRIP, SKIP, DRIP . . . . . The squirrels on the second floor know what I am doing. They dance in capricious vicarious delight answering above me the footprinted surface below.

Large forms, now barely "huggable," stand over me. Brush can embrace. The surface is granted voice. They hum through dusty space and tired head.

In the end they will stay and I will leave for a while. My glaze does not wear as well! The sun is too high in the sky now. It is a cyclical sightedness to which I have momentarily reported and which has now granted me leave. Now, for a time, peace.

New Gods. Why new gods? Feverish activity now urges earth to claim space. After the great mouth of terrestrial purpose is silenced, the grey lump left

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pleads. And the gathering pays homage with many distinct voices. This day's great altar fills the eye and claims the hands. A low hum-roar and the earth is not certain of its place under foot. The newly spun wet icons are back-lit. Youthful building blocks seek unsuccessfully to hide the spinning flame within.

The figures sweat steam and the details are obscured. Their nondescript grey surfaces hide potential power. They are hopes. They hover in an arching limbo certain only of what they are not. They haven't the immortality of the clay from which they spring. They have been touched and thus have a finite purpose. Yet they do not have godly immortality--only aspiration.

They lean forward as one who is about to speak. Well, what is it you wish me to know? They tell their story slowly in private darkness. And in the morning light their surfaces recall the night. They remember the moment of creation as blackness highlights their distinct, momentary meaning. The fire within scorches their backs and sulphur blankets them. They will sit in silence now and will preside over the earthly harvest. They will stare with hollows as the great mouth speaks its earthly jewels. If the worshipers so decree, they will even venture into the mouth to be consumed and preserved as momentoes.

They join the curio-shelf above; souvenirs of past meaning. They deserve no further thought, we say. It is done. We again light the fire and press new icons to the service of the moment. New fire, new meaning we say and turn out the light and go home.

In the private darkness, sharp glances are exchanged. Stone-memory and clay-aspiration. And the overhead heater we forgot to turn off buzzes in between.

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ANDREW SVEDLOW . THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY

A Painter's Voyage

This discourse follows the Becoming consciousness of the writer as painter through the process of the art act. The bracketed experience is confided to words that push closer and closer to the Truth of the act without ever actually touching.

"What counts here - - first and last - - is not so-called knowledge of so-called facts, but vision - - seeing. Seeing here implies **Schaven** (as in **Weltanschavung**) and is coupled with fantasy, with imagination." Josef Albers

Penetrating Insight. Seeing, perception of what is thus. Memory holds in gates the elements and bits and pieces of personal reality that are waiting for the start of the face - As horses gallop neck and neck around the track so do the memories of our perceived reality. What drives the horses on, the memory back, the perception deeper is not the attainment of an end. Rather, the penetration is on the act of seeing, what Albers states as "what counts".

Stabbing with a gesture towards the center of the canvas a vision is born in relation to previous visions. Predisposed to a certain form the vision mouths its way to an understanding. The clarity of the vision is discerned through the fading shadow of unconsciousness. In the circular movement from shadow to vision to seeing to insight to shadow is the revolving state of a movement forward. The circle is ever widening.

Where once feet waded in shallow waters as with the stream winner, now the imagination drops visions into the same pool to create images of ever expanding concentric circles. It is the origin of the visionary droplets that holds the pene-

trating Dharma of insight. Here is where the atman is dropped and the anatman picked up.

Each painting in the series that reveals the artist rolls back the memory of the concentric circles, ever closer to the vision of the center. The images, of course, will never reach the moment before contact of the vision and the water. Steadily, the paintings inch closer, traversing wave after wave of ripples. The minute crests of water become monumental brick walls. Eroding the foundations and slipping past into the inner sanctuaries are the imaginative visions that intuitively are able to feel the path backwards, downwards, inwards.

The symbolic images fade in the inner rings where they become sheer illusions whose purpose is entirely too shallow for the depths of the center. As the center is approached all images of known reality become mere transfer rubbings to be placed where one determines. The black hole draws the nearing Arhart closer until he is swallowed into and out of context. Visions are indefinable. Metaphor alone works to form a handle on which to grasp so as not to disappear into the seat of Truth.

"A comrade asked Hsi-T'ang, 'There is a question and there is an answer. What about it when there is no question or answer?' Hsi-T'ang said 'You mean to say you're afraid of rotting?' The master heard about this and said 'I've always wondered about that fellow Hsi-T'ang.' The comrade asked the Master to comment on it. He said 'The world of phenomena is not to be perceived'" (Snyder, p. 73).

Finding the Seed or the Seat of Truth. I have assumed the mask of my persona and as artist strip the layers of varnished idolatry away. The mask is fallen on the studio floor.

Hide my torrid face

Battle with the gods

Shield

Protect

Run into full fight

Not knowing enemy

Chest pounds

Face hides

Voiceless power overrides

Troops steady

Steed rises

Fall

The mask jolts free of identity

Am uncovered

Naked

Fallen

Hot, sweaty body meshes with the earth

Hair clings to the wet sod

Face breathes

Enemy sees

Am struck upon the shoulder

Mask nowhere in sight

Pain burns eyes

For now can see the sky

"On a bare tree in a hollow place, A blinded form's unhaloed face; Sight, where Heaven is destroyed, The hanging visage of the void." (Ginsberg, p. 31)

Migration From the Center or How Do I Get Out of This Place. The mask has

fallen and shattered upon the hard floor and what remains to be seen through the settling dust is inexpressible. All that is, as product, is one-mind. The elements are translucent, the archetypes are ghosts. A large breasted man/woman stills his questing eyes and lets the moonshadow draw across his brow. Yellow light is taken from mind and placed as a halo around the bearded syzygy. The light has no source other than the center where it reflected off the void. The transmission of the image from embracing mind to white Arches paper was as sunlight effortlessly warming flat stones. The man/woman of the now conscious image breaths the air of the all embracing mind. "Outside mind, nothing exists" (Change, p. 88).

The image, as with the other works produced in cool dark caves is real within the context of its emergence. It is pale, however, and continues to pale in contrast to the knowledge of its arousal and concretion. The act produced the reality of its existence. As the unconscious opens and slaps the face of the awakened, the shadowy image becomes crystal line. This migration of unknown to known broadens the conscious embracing mind and at the same moment allows it to realize the shallowness of the image. Within the confines of the center, hidden by layers of shadows and lacquer masks, the image can breathe real fire. The passion and strength of its mystery drive the artist onwards, downwards, and upwards until it is an image in fresh paint. The smell of sulphuric tempera and plastic polymers lacks the damp, swampy odor of sweaty cave deep imagery that dwells in the place of the original nature. That swirling bubbling fantasy of living mind boils over and spills its mess onto the canvas, onto the paper.

"And yet, standing at his appointed place, the trunk of the tree, he does nothing other than gather and pass on what comes to him from the depths. He neither serves nor rules - he transmits.

His position is humble, and the beauty at the crown is not his own. He is merely a channel." (Paul Klee in Herbert, p. 77)

The place of the artist, at not just the trunk of the tree, but within its inner rings, is a place where all can enter who have accepted the invitation of the host. Guests of the tree, through long sessions of intense apprenticeship, may finally enter the host's ceremonious channeling of the sap. The inner heart of the tree is the dense center of its life. It is from here that the artist thrusts his branches and penetrates the soul. The anima released, now effortlessly passes through each successive ring until her warm wind escapes the depths and joins the community breeze.

Those in the community allow her winds to blow through their leaves. Turning them over and over until they have taken elements of her power as their own, her breath becomes theirs. Together they in le and exhale as one, continually bringing the anima within and out again and again.

Now that the combination of colors, the greys in the yellows, the yellows in the blues, and the blues in the dark brooding purples, have settled onto the paper as wind settles on a leaf, the artist has offered an opportunity to retrace his migration. Here, within the center's emerged image, is the place for the guest to sip tea and slip into the one-mind of the artist.

"The opening of another's mind through one's own inner light is called 'transmission of the lamp', the lamp signifying the mind-light, enlightenment, transmitted by the master to his disciples" (Chang, p. xii).

As an ever present disciple/guest I act through the art to unlock the lamp emitting light that shines empty and eternal behind the mask. Struggling with brush and pigments, dashing away walls with color, I sit to ponder my latest meeting with

the host I call painting. The master of the act, now asleep on the large heavy paper represents not just my journey from the center but echoes with imagery of a rebirth. Tacked unceremoniously, yet in an honored light, the event of two mothers is pointed to. The first is the mother of known and speakable meaning whose bright colors and smiling, divine face bring alive a security and the second mother is a wide hipped, squatting mother. She is a toiler in the dark soils that spread across the cave floor. She is the mother of the non-verbal shadowy center that allows me as artist to dig in the soil and to mix my ochre pigments. She is the mother of the artless arter.

"Zen aims at freedom but its practice is disciplined." (Snyder, p. 51)

Allowing the Snow to Slip From the Bamboo Leaf. His small hands wrap symbiotically around the thick black water color marker. The white paper lies, as a fallen autumn leaf would, on a masonite board on the floor. Without a moments deliberation he is as artist. Kinaesthetically whirling his arm, in at first circular gestures he explores the range of his arm as marker. A landscape of blue black mountains jag from left to right with the pinnacle in the upper center of the paper. Now shorter strokes and dashes are placed at both sides of the rising center. More circular motions and slashing marks are applied until the entire ground becomes indistinguishable from the surface. Areas of intense action begin to form as landmarks in the topology of the young artist's action. The action comes as quickly as a summer shower. Great torrents of rain pound the fields in a burst of unleashed energy. The clouds pass quickly and the field is left with a dew covering that dries in the high hot sun until the presence of the storm is but a memory.

This child has passed through the paper with marker in hand as naturally as the shower, or as his own place, in the field.

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"When a man reaches this stage of 'spiritual' development, he is a Zen artist of life." (Suzuki in Herrigel, p. vii).

Effortlessly the child creates. He is unconcerned with the goal of his play. Spontaneously he is involved and yet his movement through the work is unlike the movements he has through exploring a pine cone, or eating ice cream. He is intensely focused on the play at hand. This is an unimposed, internally motivated attention. It is a play of quality that is not unmoving. The child is Becoming through the gestures of his body and mind as one. It is not merely an image of illusion or representation that he creates. It is an entity entirely of the child. So inseperable is the art and the child that the imaginary and real are united. Within the act a realization of the artist's/child's reality is exposed. Here, in this united world is where the child is himself. Perhaps he is more himself through this unimposed act than he is through any act that is socially transmitted or encountered outside of a self-regulating experience.

Is it too late for the mature artist to allow these gestures to emerge unattended by rituals and rules regulated from beyond the original nature of the individual, such as the artist at two years and five months?

Three brushes, a red sable number 10 round, a cheap bamboo one, and a large synthetic brush stand at odd angles in a styrofoam cup that sits on top of a dusty wooden bench. A large sheet of finely made rag paper is taped to a masonite board held in the clamps of a blue metal easel. A piece of plywood is pallet for the artist who approaches the set up in a dimly lit studio late in the evening. Ceiling spot lights dramatically off set the area where in the artist is to Become. Nothing else exists beyond the play at hand. Perception is limited to the paper, the tubes of acrylic and tempera, the three brushes, the wooden pallet, the extra plastic cup of tap water, and the mind's eye that sees all that is

necessary for the artist. Retinal images are formed in reverse, from within. Action begins. A large tube of black acrylic paint is opened and a liberal amount set on the pallet. Yellow and blue are applied also. These pigments are what are left after days of painting. Other paints will enter the selection process in the future, but tonight this is all that is available. It doesn't matter. Black and water would suffice. The large scraggly bamboo brush is chosen to apply a halo yellow. Tonight the light will reveal the child archetype. The child begins to think within me as I allow it to well up and spout forward. An innocent face appears facing downwards to the left. A dark blue forms the full cheek of his profile. He becomes idealized, cherubic. The child experiences himself through me and is injured by the lack of original revelation. The voluntary motions of the brush are not unconscious happenings but rather all too altered by a rigidity that at other times is extinct. After a long, belabored attempt at expressing the conscious knowledge of the child I begin to weary and rest. Returning to the studio I go in without a goal of completion or of attempting anymore to express a visual communicating symbol. I pick the brushes and with discontent spontaneously, and perhaps divergently (Beittel, 1963) allow my arm to gesture quickly across the paper, delighting in the motion and accidents that accompany such a kinetic act. The child disappears and returns. The new image carries with it a depth that could only be possible through total focusing on the physical process instead of the imaginary form. This child created is not a character of conventional daydreams. I have never experienced this youth and yet I have. However, he has been acquired, or he has been there all the time outside of personal experience. Perhaps this myth has tempered all of my experiences of child. He is not blank of experience but, rather he is a sacrifice. Without intention my unconscious child has spoken through me as the utmost sacrificial life. The child on the paper, as the paper, as the brush in my hand, bears the cross of innocence defiled. The face bears the imposed pain without a grimace or trace of horror. This child has resigned himself to the powers that

cage him in black stripes and shade him under deep dark greenish clouds. The child here is not really sympathetic or unsympathetic to the action that moves constantly around and through him. He accepts and is also unaware of the forces that will eventually be his. Not just yet have they covered his naked body. Not yet have they controlled his gesture.

He is still able to watch the white pure snow fall onto a grove of tall, thick, healthy bamboo. His body still feels the snow build heavier on the thin slip of a bamboo leaf. Eventually the snow will fall effortlessly from the leaf. The brush falls effortlessly on the paper.

Andrew Jay Svedlow may be found masquerading as an aging metaphysician. This mask may concretize by the year 2026, as the above images project. For

the time being, he can be found writing, arting, and teaching at The Pennsylvania State University.

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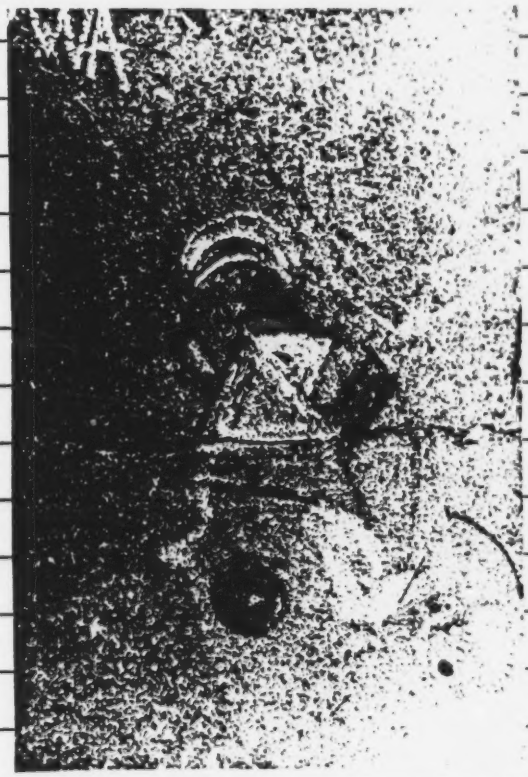
CHRISTINE THOMPSON . THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

Sworn to be keepers: Art education and ontology



Finders Keepers we sang/
When we were children/
Or were taught to sing/
Before our histories began/
And we began/
Who were beloved/
Our animal life/
Toward the beloved/
Sworn to be keepers.
Robert Duncan

"A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops" (Adams, 1918, p. 300). This is perhaps the most challenging, and sobering, thought which can be offered to a young teacher. The truth of the statement is readily verified in diverse experiences: how many of us can claim to have been untouched by our teachers, unchanged by the influence of their lives on our own? These are debts acknowledged quietly in the forms our lives have taken, in choices made and rejected, in values cherished and embodied. Reflecting upon this legacy, we come to realize the boundless responsibility of teaching, the infinite extent of its force. Authentic teaching begins in the realization that we do not know where it might end.

Much of education is inauthentic precisely because its vision is narrow and constricted, because teachers too often accept and even welcome artificial limitations of responsibility. Inauthentic practices abound in art education, as they do in any realm of human endeavor. Burkhart and Neil suggested that authentic art teaching is impeded by a "limited concept of three things--the pupil, the teacher, and art" (1968, p. 125). It is the essential task of art teacher education to expand these concepts, to disclose these elements of the teaching relationship in all their richness of meaning.

The questions which must be asked in education are fundamentally ontological. An inclusive vision sweeps beyond the daily realities of classroom life, seeking the possibilities of being which stand as horizons of the everyday encounters of schooling. Every act of teaching bears existential import and moral consequence. The decisions made from moment to moment are, for the most part, immediate and intuitive, yet they are informed by the teacher's reverberating wish for humanity. The activity of teaching is essentially and inescapably an affirmation of a particular mode of ontological possibility.

In the philosophical anthropology of Martin Buber, "his study of what is peculiar to man as man" (Friedman, 1965, p. 11), a vision worthy of the ontological responsibility of teaching is revealed to us. Buber's "social existentialism" emerged from his conviction that the possibility of authentic human life lay in the fullness of our participation in our encounters with other human beings. As Cohen explained, "Everything Buber wrote and did was a call to dialogue, demanding of each of us receptive and profound personal engagement in the quest for our existential commitment in the existence of our fellow men" (1983, p. 11).

Buber confronted a world in which human beings foundered in inauthenticity, unable to cope with the personal freedom which fell to them in the collapse of

their dualistic worldview. He recognized the awesome weight of responsibility shifted to the individual person, and witnessed the ingenious ways human beings devised to rid themselves of this burden. Yet he saw in the predicament of the modern age, in the very freedom given to us to choose evil, the possibility of true redemption: for in a world in which traditional authorities no longer command us, we are permitted a true and creative response to the occasions of life. Buber embraced the unimaginable freedom available in " a world with no excuses" (Morris, 1966, p. 117). He pointed to the palpable inadequacy of life as it is lived, and pointed beyond to the immediate possibility of authenticity. The solution offered in his philosophy is available everywhere, at any moment, for it involves no more—and no less—than the unrestrained movement of turning toward the other who is present to me and shares my situation.

Buber wrote; "The basis of man's life with man is two-fold, and it is one—the wish of every man to be confirmed as what he is, even as what he can become, by men; and the innate capacity in man to confirm his fellow man in this way. That this capacity lies so immeasurably fallow constitutes the real weakness and questionableness of the human race: actual humanity exists only where this capacity unfolds " (1965b, p. 68). Buber differed from more radical existentialists in the strength of his central conviction: that other human beings, as often and as truly as they might divert the individual from the path of true becoming, remain the medium through which it is possible to become oneself. Buber recognized the social world as a mixed blessing. As Morris noted, " 'The other' represents a threat when he sees me as an 'in-itself,' an 'it,' an 'object.' He represents the diametric opposite of a threat, i.e., the very medium of my subjective becoming , when he sees me as a 'for-itself,' a 'thou,' a 'presence' " (1966, p. 71). The other exists for me as that which I am not, as my confirmation and completion, as the direction of my life. I exist for the other in the same necessary relation. Our lives are enmeshed in "vital reciprocity" (Buber, 1965b, p. 84). We cannot be who

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are, cannot become our possibilities, through any act of individual will. Our destiny lies beyond ourselves: each individual life is fashioned in collaboration with others.

The life which Buber deemed authentic is experimental and improvisational; it has direction, but does not know its destination. He believed that the "otherness" of the other, the essential difference between persons and their placement in the world, provided the condition for our entry into dialogue. The other is essentially unpredictable to me. Our dialogue is punctuated and propelled by "moments of surprise" (Buber, 1965b, p. 113) which are the inevitable and envigorating result of our difference. True dialogue depends on receptivity to otherness, on our willingness to remain open to abrupt surprises, to be changed by chance meetings. The life of dialogue is one in which "each of the participants really has in mind the other or others in their present and particular being and turns to them with the intention of establishing a living and mutual relationship between himself and them" (Buber, 1965a, p. 19). Engaged in genuine dialogue, we are authentic; in mutuality, we are authenticated.

For Buber, the decisive difference between authentic and inauthentic life lay not in the accidental provisions of experience, but in our reception of the experience given to us. The duality of human nature, the bifurcation of its possibility, was expressed in Buber's juxtaposition of the relationships of I-Thou and I-It. As Friedman explained, "I-Thou and I-It cut across the lines of our ordinary distinctions to focus our attention not upon individual objects and their causal connections, but upon the relations between things" (1965, p. 12). I-It is the dominant mode of human experience, our everydayness, a condition in which we are comfortable, secure, and partial. To live exclusively in everyday-ness is to submit to its bondage, to;" an absorption in life's duties or routines which saps one's ability to look around, take notice of life's texture, gain a

measure of philosophical distance, and, in general, be responsive to the many subtleties that are waiting for the eye to notice them, the ear to listen to them, the mind to find them worthy of attention" (Coles, 1978, p. 86,91). I-Thou is an enhancement of being, a "hallowing of the everyday" (Friedman, 1965, p. 73), an accomplishment as decisive as it is fleeting. Authentic relation is achieved at intervals. "What at one moment was the Thou of an I-Thou relationship can become the next moment an It and indeed must continually do so" (Friedman, 1965, p. 12). But in a life lived authentically, the I-Thou and the I-It exist in constant alternation.

Buber knew that as human beings we are, by nature and by turns, both authentic and inauthentic, fully realized and fatally recondite. He refused the clarity of choice provided by Kierkegaard's (1944) vision of life as exclusive and dichotomous, a matter of either/or. Buber, in this as in all matters, viewed life as encompassing, a matter of both/and, presenting a a spectrum of ubiquitous possibilities. The authentic life can only be lived moment to moment; "It is the life of the person which is constituted through small but striking choices" (Natanson, 1970, p. 66). The I-Thou represents the fulfillment of human potentiality in the unreserved reception of the world which stands over against us. "This fragile life between birth and death can nevertheless be a fulfillment--if it is a dialogue. In our life and experience, we are addressed; by thought and speech and action, by producing and influencing, we are able to answer" (Buber, 1965a, p. 92). Buber reminded us that we are responsible for the response we make to life.

Buber wrote extensively about education, a realm of experience which demands enactment of this "ontology of the interhuman" (Buber, 1965b, p. 84). He maintained that, "The relation in education is one of pure dialogue" (1965a, p. 98), but emphasized the distinctive nature of the dialogue through which

education emerges. The educational relationship is a modified and asymmetrical version of the I-Thou which recognizes and preserves the disparity between teacher and student, and "the very difference of purpose which lead each to enter the relationship" (Friedman, 1965, p. 32).

All genuine dialogue originates in an act of inclusion, "an extension of the self" (Cohen, 1983, p. 39) which admits each partner to "a **felt** participation" (Cohen, 1983, p. 31) in the particular and immediate experience of the other. This event of "experiencing the other side" (Buber, 1965a, p. 96) is more than an empathetic or intuitive assumption of reciprocity of perspectives. As Buber explained; "It is the extension of one's own concreteness, the fulfillment of the actual situation of life, the complete presence of the reality in which one participates. Its elements are, first, a relation, of no matter what kind, between two persons, second, an event experienced by them in common, in which at least one of them actively participates, and, third, the fact that this person, without forfeiting anything of the felt reality of his activity, at the same time lives through the common event from the standpoint of the other" (1965a, p. 97). In the dialogue between friends, associates, or lovers, this inclusiveness may or may not be fully reciprocal; in the dialogue between teacher and students, it cannot be. The teacher must experience the student's being-educated, but the student is, and must be, prohibited from experiencing the teacher in a similar way. There are norms and limits to the "helping" relationships which do not pertain to other, less formalized relations "between man and man" (Buber, 19651).

The importance which Buber placed on this one-sided experience of inclusion in the pedagogic relationship does not indicate belief in the infallibility of the teacher, nor does it endorse a vision of education as the transfer of knowledge from the "haves" to the "have nots." Rather it points to an essential difference of intention and responsibility which distinguishes teacher from student. Buber

recognized that education goes on "remorselessly" (Curtis & Mays, 1978, p. ix), that it is by no means a process confined to classrooms and scheduled meetings between teachers and students. Yet he maintained that the teacher is unique in his or her intentional concern for the education of students. He explained; "the educator is only one element among innumerable others, but distinct from them all by his **will** to take part in the stamping of character and by his **consciousness** that he represents in the eyes of the growing person a certain **selection** of what is, the selection of what is "right," of what should be. It is in this will and this consciousness that his vocation as an educator finds its fundamental expression" (1965a, p. 106).

Buber recognized the existence and necessity of a "lofty asceticism" (1965a, p. 95) in teaching. Many of the usual perogatives of choice and many of the usual rewards of relation are abdicated by the teacher. Confronting the random assortment of individuals who come together to constitute a class, the teacher is obligated to accept and receive them all, and to turn to each with the intention of leading them from the particularity they are to the possibility they may become. Buber did not counsel bland acceptance and blind affirmation of students as they present themselves, but "a confirmation which, while it accepts the other as a person, may also wrestle **with** him against himself" (Friedman, 1965, p. 29). In Buber's words; "The educator whom I have in mind lives in a world of individuals, a certain number of whom are always at any one time committed to his care. He sees each of these individuals as in a position to become a unique, single person, and thus the bearer of a special task of existence which can be fulfilled through him and through him alone. He sees every personal life as engaged in such a process of actualization, and he knows from his own experience that the forces making for actualization are all the time involved in a micro-cosmic struggle with counterforces. He has come to see himself as a helper of the actualizing forces. He knows these forces: they have shaped and they

still shape him. Now he puts this person shaped by them at their disposal for a new struggle and a new work. He cannot wish to impose himself, for he believes that in every man what is right is established in a single and uniquely personal way. No other way may be imposed on another man, but another way, that of the educator, may and must unfold what is right, as in this case it struggles for achievement, and help it to develop" (1965b, p. 83).

The most essential acts of teaching, according to Buber, are two: the teacher's presentation of self as a person authentically attuned to life and its requirements, wholly alive in the vivid present; and the selection of the effective world, of that portion of human knowledge which the teacher values, embodies, and strives to share. It is through the teacher's gifts of self and of subject matter that dialogue, and the trust which permits it to flourish, come to be. The teacher is the generative source and sustenance of education. Only a truly unified and responsible person, fully present to the situations of life, can be what a teacher must ultimately be: an emissary of the world's possibilities and an inspiration for students' "trust in the world as a whole" (Cohen, 1983, p. 14).

It is here, in the world which the teacher presents to students, that the concerns of art education diverge from the path of all education, and arrive in a clearing which emerges between art teachers and their students; it is the place of their meeting, and the reason for their being together. The problem for those who would become authentic as art teachers "is two-fold, and it is one" (Buber, 1965b, p. 68): They must be persons vitally present to the life which embraces them, and they must be aware of the possibilities they present to students through the content and the conformation of their teaching. The teacher's personal authenticity and understanding of the project of art education are the pervasive concerns of teacher education in this field.

As Burkhart and Neil (1968) noted, only rarely do students enter university programs in art education with equal commitment to art and teaching. Students at The University of Iowa, with few but notable exceptions, bring long and varied histories of involvement in art-making to the art education program. Many have thought of themselves as artists--at the very least, as art students--for some time. They have shared instructors and courses, and they share a certain ideological repertoire, born of the milieu in which their own most recent art education has occurred. They have experienced the exhiliration and uncertainty of creative acts. They know many things about art. They have opinions and convictions, and they have, for the most part, been encouraged to express them. Yet their decision to become responsible for others' learning in art demands examination and expansion of these convictions. If they are to understand fully what it means to educate another in art, they must turn their attention to art as an anthropological possibility. It is this inclusive view which university art education programs can offer to their students, and indeed must offer if those students are to recognize the extent of their responsibility as teachers.

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Whose Interpretation Is This Anyway

"Tell Bolingbroke, - for yond me thinks he is, - That every stride he makes upon my land is dangerous treason:" Shakespeare, King Richard II

Although the Kansas State guidelines for art educational standards appreciates the need for artistic evaluation and interpretation, the charismatic force of the artist and artistic community/culture seemingly become routinized into "guidelines for art education" by virtue of the reductionist method approach. The effort produces a built in non-accountability factor in which the artist, by time and geographic dislocation, is disenfranchised from the event of interpretation and subsequently from the evaluation.

The Kansas guidelines for program development - Art, "Elementary Art Evaluation" and "Development of the Critical/Appreciative Approach", present only a mechanistic structure for interpretation. It is no coincidence that in a seminar on Art Education Curriculum held at Penn State in 1984, a paper presented by Dr. Andrea Kapati of Budapest, Hungary, indicates the same reduction of art elements constitutes the method of transmission of the body of knowledge we call art. The state of Hungary recognized five major curriculum approaches; the state of Kansas recognizes four. Both the U.S. and Soviet block countries display a similar mechanistic bureaucratic structure for art education interpretation and evaluation.

The evaluation section of the elementary art evaluation, "games", is, in my opinion, derived from Piaget's experiments in memory, order, and subordination. However, "Piaget speaks against the application of his work on a social, moral, and logical development to matters aesthetic." (Beittel, 1972). As the

artist is disenfranchised from evaluation and interpretation, so is Piaget's force of intelligence and intentionality. It is subverted into subterranean canals only to resurface as bureaucratic form.

The 1968 position paper of the N.A.E.A (1968) states: [for] art in education [to] contribute to . . . cultural understanding . . . professional imperatives need to be continuously redeveloped as the society changes.

Further: This reassessment should, within the context of current professional goals, be concerned with the content of the curriculum. . .

The state guidelines and recommendations for evaluation and interpretation are certainly within the context of current professional goals; i.e., the breakdown of a body of knowledge, parts analysis, and sequential presentation. My concern resides in the seemingly non-sequitur established by the expressed goal of "awareness of art as it exists in cultural or historial context," sans the tools to achieve this goal. Would one attempt to apprehend an elephant with a mouse trap, or retain the aromatic memory of a summer columbine with a tape recorder?

At this juncture in the tradition of art and cultural education, efforts must be made to redevelop and generate new methods of interpretation and evaluation if it is to occur at all. This necessitates the recognition that evaluation is an historical event/process. Writing or verbalization of history predicated on a bureaucratic mechanistic structure perpetuates a world view which contains implicit and explicit value structures, (Spence, 1978).

In limiting interpretation and evaluation to a rehash of mechanistic reductionistic methods, we limit the consciousness development of the child by tacitly

expressing a correct way of seeing. We are shaping political beings; if epistomology is political, and historical consciousness displays specific modes of existence, (White, 1973), then interpretation and evaluation of works of art are biased by the structure in which "coming to knowledge" occurs. In no way are our schools politically neutral grounds. Unknowingly, as we educate, we create the prejudice of enlightenment, (Gadamer, 1975).

As educators in a democracy comprised of many world views, we are obligated to present various interpretive approaches to the student, to equip the students with skills in values clarification, and to understand the appropriateness of how we come to know a work of art, an object of art.

In the Politics of Social Knowledge, Spence, (1978) analyzes the structure of the middle class language and observes: The typical dominant speech mode of the middle class is one where speech becomes an object of special perceptual activity . . . This speech mode facilitates the verbal elaboration of subjective intent, sensitive to the implications of **separateness** and **difference.**

This same middle class pattern of analysis bias is presented in the methods of evaluation in the Kansas guidelines: . . . **Match It** . . . Then s/he is to pair or match up the two or three that are by the same artist . . . and the child should be able to **separate** and **differentiate** then from two Rembrandts, two Gaugins, etc.

In a situation of evaluation and interpretation where a child of the middle class creates an art work or object of art, this would certainly be a valid method of interpretation/evaluation. However, when the patterns of speech and rhetoric are held as the only models for the analysis of works of art from other class structures or worlds, the child's ability to apprehend the work of art is prefigured by a singular mode of analysis. In this case, the mechanistic approach, whether

inordinate or knowlingly, perpetuates a particular class view.

Wittgenstein's tractatus statement "where of one cannot speak, therefore one must be silent" (Maslow, 1961), is not what I am suggesting. As educators, we need to develop new approaches to interpretation and evaluation which go beyond current methods. These must include procedures for teasing out cultural perceptions. In short, contextual, organic, and mechanistic methods based on phenomenological investigation and the hermeneutic positions must be developed and included for evaluation (Palmer, 1969), White, 1973).

Viola's article, "Sight Unseen: Enlightened Squirrels and Fatal Experiments", (1982) exemplifies and points to simultaneous coexistence of organicist and mechanistic methods for aesthtic apprehension: 1233 A.D., Dogen Zenji. The light of the moon covers the earth yet it can be contained in a single bowl of water. This is in contrast to an event 700 years later when an astronaut returning from the moon points his video camera out portside and transmits a live image of the earth which appears simultaneously on millions of TV screens throughout the world.

Sometimes as educators, we lose sight of the development of the method of scientific mechanistic investigation. The Copernican revolution forced man to abdicate his position of being the center of the universe to a part of the universe. We educators must move mechanistic evaluation from the center of the pedagogic universe and understand that it is one of many ways of "seeing" the world.

As (Tanizaki, 1977), the Japanese Aesthetician suggests: If we in the orient had developed our own science . . . the facts we now are taught concerning the nature of light . . . might have well presented themselves in different form.

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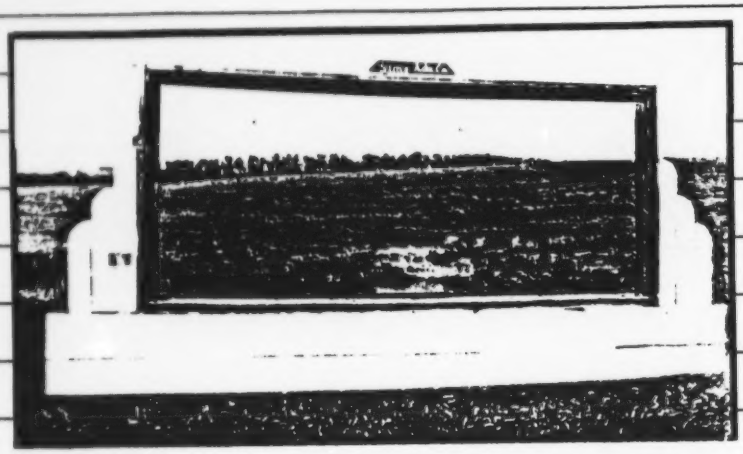
Presentation and Representation: Here and There

While driving on the backroads of America in the State of Washington, William Least Heat Moon (1982) was presented with Stonehenge. He wrote that, "A little before sunset, in the last long stretch of light, I saw on a great rounded hill hundreds of feet above the river a strange huddle of upright rocks. It looked like Stonehenge. When I got closer, I saw that it was Stonehenge—in perfect repair" (p. 248). If his account ended here you might speculate about illusionary states associated with long periods of driving, or the hallucinatory enhancement power of fatigue. However, those of you with a history of traveling this country's highways and observing such enticements as, "Come shoot the roaring rapids!" in a specially constructed theme park, or "Head out in your car for your own African experience!" at the African Lion Safari in Port Clinton, Ohio may suspect that what William Least Heat Moon had encountered was a representation. He confirmed this as he continued his story:

"In truth, the circle of menhirs was a ferro-concretehenge, but it was as arresting on its hill as the real Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain. . . The setting sun cast an unearthly light on the sixteen-foot megaliths and turned the enormous pyramid of Mount Hood, fifty miles away, to a black triangle. . . Over several smooth declivities in the concrete slabs appeared almost imperceptive notations from other travelers: A. J. WILSON NYC. HELLO STUPID. KT 1936. BOB AND JANEY WAS HERE. The monument had become a register, and the scribbles gave a historical authenticity that masked its bogus one" (pp. 248-249).

Notice that after his initial surprise the traveler recognized the construction as a replica, but in reflecting upon it he responded not only to what it represented but also what it presented in its concreteness.



What "represents" what? Of course, you know that above these words you're looking at a copy of a picture, but of what? A billboard? That's the title which Barbara Hale gave to her handcolored photograph, but what is presented here? What was presented in the original photograph?

The copy above was made from a colored photograph by Irene Grainger; she named it "The Fine Family of Teapots." Like any fine family they record and display events from their everyday lives. The photo is represented to us as representing teapots, but within that photograph another photo is presented which reveals images of human hands, a saucer, and a cup filled with some

liquid. So we have a copy which represents a photograph, which represents teapots **and** another photograph which represents . . .

Artists, or at any rate **adult** artists, are not the only people who make visual statements about representation. Moments after a Polaroid photograph of my niece developed she insisted on holding it up beside her so that she and her representation might be photographed together!

Questions which preoccupy artists sometimes even come to the attention of lawyers. Peter Karlen practices art, literary and entertainment law in La Jolla, California and is a contributing editor to **Artweek.** In a recent discussion (1984) of the California Art Preservation Act, which is intended to bar even owners of art works from mutilating, altering, defacing, or destroying them, he pointed out: "It could be argued that all the new owner acquires is the physical object in which the work of art is embodied, while the artist retains most of the rights to the work itself. This means, of course, that a work of art is not **tangible**" (p. 25). It may be somewhat surprising to find ourselves thrust into ontological issues about art by the law. Although, perhaps not to Michel Foucault, one-time structuralist, and Professor of History and Systems of Thought at the College de France, who in his book, **I, Pierre Riviere, having slaughtered my mother, my sister, and my brother** (1975) attempted to show how language, in this case legal language, establishes the locus of power during each of the historical epochs of knowledge he postulated. Karlen, too, sees the new artists' rights as part of a larger structure of power: "evidence of the gradual reorganization of property relations in the world of objects" (p. 54). Nevertheless, he talks about the special importance of art preservation laws "because the artist owns the work of art; the 'owner' owns only the unique object. The owner may not be permitted to tamper with the object because it represents in tangible form the remaining physical trace of the artist's labor" (p. 53).

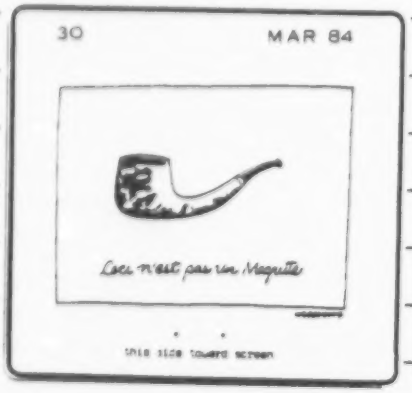
Apparently, what "represents" what is a question about many layers of meaning. From a pedagogical point of viewit summons up, at the most obvious level, the continuing controversy about the use of slides or reproductions rather than actual art objects for studying and/or interpreting art. It also calls into conscious reflection the issue which Harkness (1982) defined as the ontological superiority of the "real" over that which purports to represent it. Witness the art historian who recently confessed to me that often he enjoys the colored slides of some art objects more than the works themselves. The sedimentation of meanings he brings to those slides recalls Coles' (1978) description of Walker Percy's reflections on tourists at the Grand Canyon National Park: "all too sure of what they would see—their certainty based on the postcards, the geography books, the travel folders, the documentaries they had already seen—and ready to go along instantly, and say it is a 'grand' canyon" (p. 112). Both situations are instances of what phenomenologists call typification. As Schutz (1970) put it: "What is newly experienced is already known in the sense that it recalls similar or equal things formerly perceived" (p. 116). Artists such as Barbara Hale and Irene Grainger, whose photographs we saw earlier, provide us with the possibility of what Kierkegaard called a "rotation" (1959). He meant by this that aesthetic ingenuity can recover us from everydayness.

I think such a rotation was the intention of Robert Irwin when he collaborated with Dr. Ed Wortz, head of Garrett Aerospace Corporations' life sciences department, to convene a National Symposium on Habitability composed of doctors, psychologists, planners, architects, engineers, academics, and humanists.

"Volume four of NASA's publication of the collected papers of the symposium includes a sequence of photographs showing a grungy, dilapidated alley (the scene is beachfront Venice, California) and a bus pulling to a stop. A group of well-dressed professional men disembark, wander down the alley, and then

file through a hole that has been knocked into one of the walls (bricks and debris spill back into the alley) . . . . The professionals look incredulous" (Weschler, 1982, pp. 130-131).

The participants had been bused on the first morning to an alley behind Market Street where they wandered down to the hole in the wall which provided entrance to Robert Irwin's studio. He had worked for weeks to install vertical, two-foot-diameter white tubes at one end of the room, two plated-glass skylights, and a variety of raised acoustic platforms and islands; there were no chairs. After reading their papers, and being bused back to the hotel, the participants returned the next day to find the tubes and wall at the one end of the room removed. In their place was a thin translucent film. On the third day they found even the film gone and people from the street drifted into the symposium. The afternoon sessions met in five smaller groups, each in specifically designed environments, for example, a black room lighted only by one bare bulb hanging in the middle. The project is recounted in Weschler's (1982) biography of Irwin, titled **Seeing is Forgetting the Name of the Thing One Sees.** This paraphrase from the poet, Paul Valery, reveals Irwin's rejection of the Cartesian primacy of cognition over perception--an attitude evident in much of his work and associated with his immersion in the philosophies of Husserl, Wittgenstein, Sartre, and Schutz.



This is not a slide.

In these influences Irwin is related with Rene Magritte who read widely in Hegal, Martin Heidegger, and Jean-Paul Sartre. Foucault (1982) pointed out that, " Magritte names his paintings in order to focus attention upon the very act of naming" (p. 36). By calling into question our common acceptance of the link between language and objects, or, to put the matter in another way, between visual and verbal representation, Magritte challenges us to reflect on what is ordinary and so move into mystery. As he wrote to Foucault in response to the latter's question about one of his paintings: "The 'mechanism' at work here could serve as the object of a scholarly explanation of which I am incapable. The explanation would be valuable, even irrefutable, but the mystery would remain undiminished" (p. 58).

Walker Percy (1975) has struggled for many years to understand the apparent conflict between scholarly explanation and mystery. He pointed out that, "Science cannot utter a single word about an individual molecule, thing, or creature in so far as it is an individual but only in so far as it is like other individuals" (p. 22). It followed, in his account, that the only message science has for laypeople is the extent to which they resemble others. Percy asks us to consider a world in which not only objects are represented, but one in which even human beings are representations. They may represent abstract concepts of gender roles, or vocational expectations, or consumers of goods or experiences. We locate people and objects in a kind of "there" which is distanced from the concrete "here" through the process Schutz called typification: "the factual world of our experience is experienced from the outset as a typical one. Objects are experienced as trees, animals, and the like, and more specifically as oaks, firs, apples, or rattlesnakes, sparrows, dogs" (1970 , p. 116). He regarded typification as essential to naming. "By naming an experienced object, we are relating it by its typicality to pre-experienced things of similar typical structure, and we accept its open horizon referring to future experiences of the

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same type, which are therefore capable of being given the same name" (1970, p. 117).

Most of us have had the experience of visiting an art museum, hoping to immerse ourselves in the mystery of particular worlds as they are embodied in individual images, only to find ourselves in a curious, and unwelcome, condition of discontent. We round a corner, or look up, or search the far wall of a gallery and what we encounter are **specimens.** What we see are not projections of colored slides, nor are they framed reproductions, but, nevertheless, they are representations. There is the obligatory Stella, and over there is the Voulkos ceramics, without which a museum cannot be quite respected, and there again is the familiar activity of a Red Grooms' construction. What is happening here? I am not suggesting that works by these artists are lacking in some necessary expressive quality; indeed, I might easily substitute many other names for those I have included without changing the situation. The estrangement is mine (or yours) and it is rooted in a too ready recognition, in the easy comfort of "knowing" that a work resembles other works by the same artist. What is left out in this kind of generalizing is the particular "here" which is presented again and again in the minor exceptions that Fowles (1979) believed were central to art. To paraphrase Percy, under these conditions, an art museum may be one of the most difficult places in the world in which to actually see works of art.

Percy (1975) thought that a tendency to disguise unique and concrete existence may be traced to, among other relations, a kind of educational packaging which presents objects as lessons to be learned; in such situations, the object "itself is seen as a rather shabby expression of an ideal reality" (p. 59). He noted that scientists and poets usually discover an indirect approach to learning (I hope that artists may be included as well). By the indirect approach, he meant that the situation is not "an exercise to be learned according to an approved mode,"

and that learners are not simply consumers of prepared experiences (p. 60).

This is a strong indictment of certain kinds of educational "methods." However, one of the circumstances under which Percy thought that authentic learning might be recovered was through a great person—one who ignores instruments and procedure, but who observes and points out the curious so that "all at once the student can see." Moreover, "The technician and the sophomore who loves his textbook are always offended by the genuine research man because the latter is usually a little vague and always humble before the thing" (p. 61). Percy's great researcher recalls Fairfield Porter's description (Cummings, 1979) of the painting teacher he liked best at the Art Students' League: "He was a teacher. That is, he taught **you**, he didn't teach a system. He taught the person he was talking to" (p. 128). Such a teacher does not represent teaching; he or she is present, is "here," teaching.

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